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The Week

THE President's call for 70,000 regulars to be raised by the close of this week gains from its quietness and matter-of-fact confidence. Nearly half a million men have enlisted in the army, navy, or militia in two and a half months, and the prominence which the army temporarily gains from his proclamation will inspire men to come forward who would not have done so otherwise. The regular army, state the Washington dispatches, "are the first-line troops, the men who will be the first Americans to face the German hosts"; and that most of them will be wanted soon on the firing line is borne out by the eagerness of the Government to have the ranks full by July 1. If the regular army is filled by this date, and the militia by July 15, the United States will have a force of 700,000 men to choke off promptly further German remarks about our wooden sword.

IT must now be plain to even a wayfaring man like Senator Reed that irresistible forces are behind the movement for conserving food and preventing waste. The overwhelming vote in the House for the Food Control bill—365 to 5—was an eye-opener to many Senators. Some of them, like Senator Gallinger, have hastened to deny that they intend to offer unreasonable opposition to the measure. All the talk at Washington now is of its speedy passage in the Senate—though "speed" in that body is always a relative term. As a rule, it is longer than a political procession in passing a given point. But the final result is not doubted by any. For there can be no disputing the fact that the action of the House faithfully responds to the popular sentiment. Throughout the country, as seen in the press of all sections, there has been a mounting and imperious demand that the Government shall receive power to deal vigorously with the whole matter of food supply, the regulation of its distribution, and the control, within limits, of its price. The obstructionist Senators cannot long strive against the tide that is sweeping them away. While they were sneering at Mr. Hoover, they discovered that his name has become one to conjure with in the United States.

IN two distinct respects, the subscription to the Government war loan, as judged by the detailed figures reported at the end of last week, is very remarkable. The only large European war loan issued for a fixed amount—that of Great Britain in the autumn of 1914—was barely subscribed, although the sum applied for was $250,000,000 less than that of our own present loan. This involves no disparagement to England, because financial conditions prevailing at that time differed altogether from those now existing in America. But the fact is that our own loan is the first actual oversubscription of the war; and to this may be added the even more striking facts that the amount of oversubscription was the largest in the whole history of finance, and that, even in ratio to the sum total of the loan, it was never but twice exceeded—once in our own $200,000,000 Spanish war loan of 1898, and once in the $100,000,000 popular loan of January, 1896. Not only were the amounts involved on those occasions trifling when compared with the $3,035,000,000 of applications for the present loan, but in those days the basing of national banknote circulation exclusively on United States Government bonds created a wide and wholly artificial demand.

EVEN more remarkable, however—and not less remarkable because so unexpected—is the popular character of the subscriptions. Not even the most experienced financier would have doubted in advance that by far the larger part of the total sum subscribed for would come from very large capitalists. That has invariably been the experience of Europe. But the tabulation for our own loan shows that subscribers for less than $100,000 asked for $1,856,000,000 of the bonds, or 61 per cent. of the total amount applied for, and that subscriptions in sums less than $10,000 footed up $1,153,000,000, or 36 per cent. The number of separate subscribers, more than 4,000,000, compares with only 330,000 to our Spanish war loan. When it is considered that only a part of our thrifty population responded to this loan, according to the known resources of the several sections of the country, the light thrown by these results on the country's economic power and capacity to finance the war is most striking.

EXACTLY what the Federal Trade Commission was recommending in its report on transportation of coal by the railways, is not altogether clear. The suggestion is that, when production and distribution of coal and coke have been "pooled" in the hands of a Government agency, "the transportation agencies of the United States, both rail and water, be similarly pooled and operated on Government account, under the direction of the President, and that all such means of transportation be operated as a unit, the controlling corporations being paid a just and fair compensation which would cover normal net profit, upkeep, and betterments." The language of this paragraph would certainly seem to imply such direct governmental control of all railway traffic as prevails at present in England and on the Continent. If that was intended, then we should say that the Trade Commission had gone considerably beyond its proper sphere in making the proposal. Such a question is altogether too large, too intricate, and too much bound up with other problems, commercial and political, to be tossed in this easy-going way into the field of discussion, merely because the prompt distribution of coal presents some difficulties. There has already been something too much of this offhand recommendation of schemes of the most far-reaching scope, without the least attempt to inquire into what would be involved by them.

THE submarine sinkings for the week ended June 17 have been at a monthly rate of half a million tons for the British mercantile fleet alone. Add the losses of the

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other Allies and of neutrals—Norway alone will probably show a loss equal to 20 per cent. of the British casualties—add further the ordinary casualties of the sea, a factor usually overlooked in discussing the depletion of the world's tonnage, and we get an indicated monthly loss of nearly three-quarters of a million tons. The increase in U-boat activity, however, has been foreseen. It is now pretty well recognized that one of the principal reasons for fluctuation is in the periodical return of U-boats to port for repairs and reëquipment. Nevertheless, in the higher record of the last two weeks, following on a very gratifying decline, we may see something like the curve on a fever chart after the crisis. The temperature rises after the drop, but to a lower daily maximum. In spite of the fortnight's increase in casualties, competent opinion in Great Britain and elsewhere is still confident that the submarine problem is in the way of being solved. On this point we have the very respectable authority of Mr. Arthur Pollen, Rear-Admiral Goodrich, and Signor Marconi. More submarines are being sunk than people have suspected; if we knew what price the U-boats have paid for their latest record the published figures might conceivably take on a very different meaning.

NOT peace without, but reform within, is the word which Scheidemann brings back from Stockholm. And he brings it especially to the Government, whose emissary he was, in effect. His mission thus ties up the international aim of peace with the great national aim of democracy. For, as Scheidemann represents it, the demand for political reform in Germany, or, in grander phraseology, "a new internal orientation," has become part of the international issue by supplying Germany's foes with an effective war-formula. New Russia's part in this development he is not quoted as mentioning; it needs no mentioning. But he insists that the only way to meet this "formula" is by granting in some measure the demand for reform, of which he does not find it necessary to remind the Government that the Socialists are the most conspicuous and vigorous champions. The Kaiser's councillors may be chagrined at a report which, instead of encouraging them to look for peace by detaching one of the Allies or galvanizing the International, lays the responsibility for the "endless murdering of nations" at their own feet. But if they are not wholly incapable of learning, they will take steps towards granting in the midst of a world convulsion what they steadily refused in calmer times.

DEVELOPMENTS in Russia supply the foot-notes for the admirable address to the American press and public in which Professor Bakhmetiev, special Russian envoy now at Washington, has put the case for the new democracy of his country. It is beyond question that the elements in control, not only at Petrograd, but throughout Russia, are rallying to their responsibilities. Chief among these is their responsibility for the maintenance of the liberties won by the Russian people. There is now general recognition that these cannot be conserved except in coöperation with the Allies. The separate peace idea is dead, if, indeed, it ever had any vitality. Russia is now making it plain that there must not be separate peace in fact any more than in name. The demand for a vigorous prosecution of the war is growing more general every day. It is all very well for German Socialists to subscribe to the formula of no annexation and no indemnities. If the ruling powers in Germany are to be converted to the same view, the Socialists of Russia are aware that they must exert something more than moral pressure. On the day of her arrival in Petrograd from exile, Katherine Breshkovsky, the pioneer of Russian freedom, warned her comrades that William was their arch-enemy. The comrades are now increasingly aware of that fact.

ARE the Sinn Feiners rioting in Cork and elsewhere sincere patriots, or are they misled by fanatics, or are they Celts with the traditional spoiling for a fight? Is it likely that any concessions whatever would remove the feeling of some Sinn Feiners that they had a grievance against constituted authority? At a recent meeting in Dublin, we read in an Irish newspaper:

> Mr. Arthur Griffith said that . . . Mr. Lloyd George had propounded a scheme for the settlement of the Irish question. He had been very polite to the people. He had said that the Sinn Feiners must come in. Well, before the Sinn Feiners went into that Convention they would see that all their fellow-countrymen and countrywomen were released. Mr. Lloyd George also invited to that Convention delegates from the public bodies of Ireland and the trade unions of Ireland. He himself suggested that no Irishman should go to that Convention until every Irishman and Irishwoman in Aylesbury and Lewes was treated as a prisoner of war.

The imprisoned Irish rebels have since been set at complete liberty, and still there are Sinn Feiners who regard the Convention as a trick, and the best answer to it a refusal to attend, coupled with the smashing of windows. Yet the moderate and far-seeing among the Sinn Feiners should be as ready as any others to try to make the Convention the foundation of Irish liberty.

THE position taken by British officials upon the question of reprisals for German air-raids is properly opposed to meeting frightfulness with frightfulness, but more than that, is sound in strategy. The Northcliffe press—with due respect to our guest—has drawn a fearful picture of airships invading England in numbers increasing in geometrical progression: last week the squadron numbered 17; next week it will be 170, the next 1,700, and then 17,000! If anything like this were really in prospect, the most feverish preparations would be futile. But the more calm yet not less deeply concerned officials point out that to return raid for raid would require a huge array of British airmen, since they would be flying over enemy territory for a long distance before they could arrive at the goal, while the Germans proceed most of the way over friendly territory. This policy would divert airplanes from the front, where they are more valuable than they could be anywhere else, and so would play directly into the German plan. The air raids are more productive of horror and indignation than of military advantages. If the Allies decide to make a reply in kind, it will be with a force so formidable that German planes will have to be kept at home for defence.

IN the interchange of notes between Brazil and the United States, which were made public on Saturday, we have a clear statement of the reasons which led the Brazilian Government to rescind its declaration of neutrality in the war. Ambassador Da Gama shows that Brazil had her own wrongs at the hands of Germany, and was anxious, too,

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to cast her influence on the side of "international judicial order," but was moved chiefly by the desire to display to the world a "continental solidarity" in this hemisphere. Between the lines we may read here the story of highly interesting negotiations which have been taking place among South American republics; it will be fully told some day. Argentina had invited Brazil and Chili to a congress of neutrals at Buenos Aires. While the project was hanging fire, Brazil ceased to be a neutral. Shortly afterwards the Chilian Government sent a note arraying itself by the side of Brazil, and other Governments did likewise. No more is heard of the congress of neutrals, and a new and better Monroe Doctrine seems in the way of establishing itself.

APPARENTLY, the closing of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange last week is preliminary to some sort of regulation of the cotton trade and cotton prices by the British Government. If so, the problem will not be as simple as it was in the case of wheat; because with wheat it was only a question of supplies and costs to the final consumer in England, whereas with cotton the English home and foreign trade in textiles is affected. The reasons for the recent rise in cotton have been clear enough. Last season's American crop was the smallest in seven years. The amount taken by the American spinning trade has lately broken all monthly records. With the available supply so relatively small, recent exports of cotton have been greatly reduced in quantity, and part of what was exported must have been sunk by the submarines. All this explains why our own price of cotton, at a fraction more than 27 cents a pound last week, was not only double the highest figure of 1916 or 1915, but actually the highest since the Civil War period. But the export trade situation in particular shows why the Liverpool market should have risen with so much greater rapidity; reaching the same day a level 120 per cent. above last year's top price, three times as high as the best price of the preceding season.

FOR Italy, fully as much as for any of the belligerents, this has been a people's war. It is opportune to recall the time and the manner of Italy's entrance into the Entente. She did so after nearly nine months of war had demonstrated how bitterly serious was the business she was embarking upon. She nullified the taunt, flung at her during the long months of hesitation, that she would rush to the rescue of the victor, by entering the war three weeks after the beginning of the Russian disaster in Galicia, and while the Russian retreat was in full swing. Her services to the Allied cause in that campaign alone were of the first order. Russia acknowledged and repaid the debt a year ago when Brussilov came to the aid of the Italians hard pressed in the Trentino. The Italian people chose its present partnership after the most furious courtship on the part of the Central Powers. On the one hand, there was von Bülow capitalizing his unrivalled connections with the influential circles of the aristocracy at Rome. On the other hand, came the Socialist emissaries, Scheidemann and Suedekum, to sway the labor masses. Chief of all there was the seemingly all-powerful Giolitti, for years the master of Parliament and manipulator of public opinion, resolutely opposed to the war. That all these forces should have been overcome and Italy placed on the side of the Entente is a *tribute to the spirit of the Italian nation.*

IN Mexico the German propaganda is working with its usual 100 per cent. efficiency. That is to say, we in this country have only to sit still and look the other way while the German agents are busy south of the Rio Grande, and sooner or later Mexico will declare war on Germany. Perhaps the reason for the lack of response is that the Mexican people has been insufficiently trained in geography to appreciate Herr Zimmermann's map of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. But it is more likely that in Mexico City there must be a very fair appreciation of the ratio of means to end in the German psychology. Whether a Mexican threat against the United States would be really a menace or only a nuisance, whether it would mean the immobilization of several hundred thousand American troops or of a *couple of regiments, makes no difference in the German* war theory. Even to frighten a few border settlements in Texas or New Mexico is something; every little bit counts; and if Mexico is to pay by drawing down on herself the vengeance of the United States, that hardly matters. But whatever Carranza may be, he is no fool. He will not set his country on fire to make a little Teutonic holiday. He may in fact decide to practice a little bit of *Realpolitik* on his own account.

THE depth of war-substitutes has been reached if the German Government has, as reported, actually changed the ingredients of German cigars to something cheaper and less like tobacco than the materials which American tourists always supposed were used in Germany. Perhaps the cabbage filler has merely been changed from red to white, or to Brussels sprouts. The dispatch states that strawberry leaves, lavender blossoms, and sandalwood (from the Turkish ally, no doubt) will be used to flavor and give aroma. This will start a rumor that here is a new and more fearful device brewing, contrary to rules of civilized warfare, the whole Teutonic army puffing violently at these new vegetable torpedoes, and blowing the smoke across the Allied trenches. American soldiers, used to honest five-cent straights, could not withstand this kind of attack. A Commission for the Provision of Tobacco-Smoke Masks should at once be added to the thousand and one already existing commissions, to investigate and report on an antidote to the latest frightfulness.

SEQUOYAH, half-white and half-Indian, inventor of the Cherokee alphabet, Oklahoma's first contribution to Statuary Hall, is not the first of what might be termed "irregulars" to enter that sanctuary. Wisconsin paid tribute to Marquette by setting up his statue among those of distinguished figures that sprang from the continent whose history he helped to make. And Illinois perpetuated the memory of a woman, Frances E. Willard. Indiana naturally thought that her statesmen were sufficiently represented by one statue, choosing for the honor her War Governor, Oliver P. Morton. The other had to be that of a literary personage, and so Lew Wallace aids in breaking the array of politicians. So does Robert Fulton, representative from Pennsylvania. Neither Franklin nor Lincoln is in the assembly, although Kentucky has the opportunity of honoring herself and her greatest son by presenting a statue of Lincoln, since she has not availed herself of either of the pedestals at her disposal. Delaware and Georgia of the original thirteen States are as leisurely. Virginia has Washington and Lee.

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Credulity in High Places

AN oath of fidelity to the elementary rules of arithmetic may yet have to be included among the qualifications for members of Congress, and in particular for United States Senators. Speaking last Thursday before a Minnesota audience, Senator Gronna, of North Dakota, made the following charge against British good faith in the conduct of the war:

> I am told that Great Britain has to-day more than 2,500,000 trained men who have not entered the fight. England has been very liberal in permitting the troops of her colonies to do the main fighting. She has placed them in the front ranks, but has held her own soldiers back until the time shall come when the strength of the Central Powers shall have been reduced to a minimum, and then she will ultimately step in, as she has always done, and reap the glory of a brilliant victory.

Put aside animus and concentrate on arithmetic. We know that Canada, out of her enlistment of something more than 400,000 men, has suffered just about 100,000 casualties. For the Australians, with an enlistment somewhat smaller than Canada's, we may assume an equal number of casualties. Count in South Africans, Indian troops, minor units of all kinds, and we may have perhaps 300,000 colonial casualties. But England's total casualty lists are by now at least a million and a half. Where have the other 1,200,000 dead, wounded, and missing come from, if it is England's habit to make others fight for her? The answer is that Senator Gronna's statement is absurd.

Senator Gronna's authority for the statement? He cites it in the first three words: "I am told." Who told him we are not informed. It may have been the man in the smoking-car, or the Senator's next-door neighbor, or the editor of the home paper. The easiest thing in the world, apparently, is to tell a United States Senator something. He will then repeat it from the lecture platform or on the floor of the Senate or in a special interview, and "I am told" will go out before the world with all the prestige of high office behind it. Figures have been quoted in the Senate not because the speaker accepted them without reserve, but because he saw them somewhere. Newspaper editorials have been quoted not because the speaker agrees with the writer, but apparently because the writer agrees with himself.

There is a distinction between credulity and opinion. Senator Stone, for example, was within his rights when he declared in the Senate last week: "The Panama Canal lacks a vast deal of being a great engineering success. I regard it rather as a failure. I express that as my opinion." We are all of us entitled to our opinion about the Panama Canal as an engineering success, just as we are entitled to our opinion that the sun moves around the earth and that Dr. Cook discovered the North Pole. There is little harm done provided we do not base opinion on the impressive, if vague, authority of "I am told," or "I am advised," or "I am informed." The ordinary reader at once assumes that it must be President Wilson who told the Senator, or the King of England who advised him, or Mr. Kerensky, in a secret cablegram, who informed him. Discovery that the august source of information is only the same bit of gossip, or unconfirmed report, or easy-going editorial which the humble citizen has read in his own paper, is likely to produce a reaction of disgust. What are Senators for if not to look a little more carefully than the common taxpayer into what they are told? What are Secretaries of State for if not to scan submarine figures a little more closely than the common soldier of the soil has time for? What are Congressmen for if not to weigh a little more conscientiously the preliminary evidence for a leak investigation? A Congressman was told by a woman who was told by a thirteen-year-old girl, and for several weeks the country was in turmoil.

We are not asking for infallibility in our public men; least of all under present conditions. The war has proved too big for all our normal rules, calculations, and formulas. The war has swamped the strategists, the statesmen, and the economists. The forces, stresses, and angles with which we are compelled to deal are so largely new. The experts have made mistakes. We expect Mr. Hoover to make them. England's variations of mood on the submarine outlook are not merely subjective; they arise in part from inevitably imperfect information. Germany's expert administrators have stumbled and blundered on the food question. In France statements regarding the available stocks of wheat vary from eleven million quintals as given by the departmental prefects to twenty-one million as given by the central Department of Agriculture, a difference of nearly 100 per cent. We see through a glass darkly. All the more cause why we should not add to the confusion of the material by abandoning the few facts that do offer themselves, and, above all, by abnegating the ordinary functions of reason. Membership in the United States Senate or the President's Cabinet does not justify a man in asserting that he has been told that 2 and 2 are 5.

Kerensky and Mirabeau

OF all the figures moving across the confused screen of Russia's revolution, Kerensky's alone looms up with clear, transatlantic outline. To a contemporary observer his part in the Russian political drama seems not a little like that of Mirabeau more than a hundred years ago in France. Even in his latest utterances anent the army, this Slav "cloud-compeller," to use Carlyle's phrase, recalls his French prototype. "My orders," says Kerensky, addressing the Soldiers' and Workingmen's Union, according to reports from Petrograd, "are the expressions of the will of the majority of the Russian democracy. As long as I remain in office I will not permit the disintegration of the army." It was Mirabeau, in 1790, when discipline had reached low ebb, and revolt and confusion were rife on the eastern frontier, the danger-point, then, for France, as the German frontier now is for Russia, it was Mirabeau who then passionately demanded complete reorganization of the army and a stiffening of its discipline. Here is no mere historical coincidence. Kerensky's actual function in his native land's present crisis has been, and will continue to be, similar to that of Mirabeau in the early period of the French overturn.

Revolutions, by all experience of them in the past, develop, as they proceed, considerable tendencies towards disintegration, which, if allowed to continue unchecked, lead to anarchy, or, if that word be distasteful to those who pretend to have rescued it from disrepute, chaos. It is not necessary to recapitulate the wild course of French terrorism to prove how popular movements having their begin-

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nings in justice and a desire for liberty may degenerate into orgies of blood and violence. Mirabeau, as long as he lived, stood opposed to this folly and insanity and endeavored to direct the National Assembly's work into reasonable and practical channels. Carlyle believes that, had Mirabeau survived, he, and he alone, could have been the cement successfully to bind the old order to the new, to save France from a sea of blood and the despotism of Napoleon. Other historians doubt this, believe that Jacobin opposition, in the persons of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, was sure to have compassed his downfall in any case, and that he died just in time to save his reputation as rider of the revolutionary storm.

What actual opposition, on his side, Kerensky has thus far experienced from the extremists, or how serious its nature, does not at this distance seem clear. However, his voice is at the present time the only one which, in the end, appears to be "cloud-compelling," compulsive of revolutionary lightning and thunders. Pessimism seems to vanish like mist before his sanguine voice, preaching commonsense. Kronstadt rebels give up wild projects of local independence, sinister plans for another baleful martyring of royalty are relinquished, and the army cheerfully declares its loyalty to the nation and willingness to submit to discipline.

Perhaps Kerensky's temperament may be compounded of less fiery, explosive elements than that of Mirabeau, who, with his lion mane, flashing eyes, and thunderous voice, cowed rather than persuaded opposition. Good nature and a safe slowness seem to be Russian characteristics. Kerensky may prove true to his race in this, and cajole where the Frenchman browbeat. His task, in some ways, is simpler than that which faced the latter, in some respects more complex. Even in the eighteenth century France was a more centralized, and therefore more easily directed, country than Russia of to-day. Mirabeau had no particularist problems to face; no small races or nationalities to reconcile and satisfy. His sole problem was to evolve a modern, democratized France from the remnants of the mediæval monarchy. It was here, however, that he encountered a difficulty Kerensky will not have to face. The Russian monarchy, as such, is dead, had been dead as a conception even before it officially received its *coup de grâce*. Kerensky may proceed with his democratic programme without Mirabeau's obsession, his desire to preserve old, outworn forms.

Perhaps the advanced radicals will maintain that the Middle Classes and Capital must turn out to be Kerensky's *ancien régime*, that it is the fourth estate which has brought about the Russian revolution, and that, in endeavoring to reconcile the old economic order with the new, the Russian leader will meet with insuperable obstacles. As yet there has been no sign of any such unfortunate outcome. The situation, so far as law and order are concerned, seems to grow daily better. And Kerensky's control seems to become ever stronger. His grip upon the common people's imagination, like that of Mirabeau, is evidently tremendous. It needs merely his voice to still the multitude. In spite of alarming reports coming now and then from the other side as to the state of his health, the whole liberty-loving world unites in hoping that he will be spared till his work has been finished and he has shepherded the Russian revolution home. The untimely passing of that other "cloud-compeller" proved to be the tragedy of France.

Negro Education

THE report on the education of the negro which has just been issued by the United States Bureau of Education throws into bold relief what America has done and left undone in dealing with its great race problem. For two years Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, specialist in the education of racial groups, with a staff of assistants, has made an exhaustive survey of school conditions in the South. The work was done under the joint auspices of the Federal Bureau and the Phelps-Stokes Fund of New York. It has taken another year to sift and arrange the information collected from this field work and from official reports. The result is the first comprehensive statement of the disorganized and unrelated factors which have been at work in the colored South since emancipation of the negro first inspired men and women of the North to devote their lives to the education of the former slaves. Dr. Jones, while sanguine as to the future, recommends a sweeping revision of the whole philosophy of education for the negro. The story is the old one which the late Booker T. Washington used to preach of public indifference and injustice supplemented by great generosity in the North and noble sacrifices by the negroes themselves; but never before has the story been presented with such a breadth of vision and with such comprehensive statistics to back up every statement made.

The Southern States apportion their school funds among the counties on the basis of total population; the counties then divide the money between the two races as they see fit. The result is that the negro gets for his schools one-fourth of the amount due him in an equitable division on the basis of relative numbers. This is the average for 1,055 Southern counties, and as one gets away from the border States and into the Black Belt, the inequality grows until counties where the population is more than three-fourths colored spend $22.22 on the education of each white child, and but $1.78 for each negro child. As regards the higher public schools, the whole South, with a population one-third colored, spends six and a half millions on its secondary schools for whites, one-third of a million dollars on those for the negroes. Inasmuch as more than one-half of the 30,000 colored teachers have had as preparation for their work an education equivalent only to the first six elementary grades or less, the courses and standards of teaching may be surmised.

In an effort to meet the obvious gap in the South's fulfilment of a public duty there have grown up 625 institutions supported by private philanthropy. Of the total, 118 are under the control of independent boards of trustees, 354 are maintained by white church boards, and 153 are supported by colored denominations. Not only is there slight coöperation between the public and private schools, but there is little more among the three groups of philanthropic endeavor. Further, there is friction and disorganization among the schools controlled by some of the church boards, white and colored. As for curriculum, the idea that there ought to be some relation between studies and the community needs has but a half-hearted response among the independent schools, is still weaker in the white church schools, and is almost ignored in the institutions run by the negroes themselves. This is the state of education in a section of the country which is 77.5 per cent. rural, and among a people which is 80 per cent. rural.

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It is no wonder that the South is drawing upon the rest of the country for farm products and that the colored laborers are leaving by the thousand. Dr. Jones states emphatically that it is time to start at the bottom and provide training "in the theory and practice of gardening for every colored pupil." As for the higher education, he would curb the tendency to put up a frame building and call it a college, and would prune here and force there until the existing "colleges" and "universities" are developed into institutions sufficient to care for the requirements of a race of 10,000,000 persons in teachers, lawyers, doctors, and especially ministers. In cold statistics, the conditions which he presents seem well-nigh hopeless; but he also chronicles progress in the white South, intelligence and experience among the colored leaders, and a better understanding of the true situation among those who give of their wealth and of their manhood from the North. If these three great forces grow in an "abiding faith in each other," democracy's plan for the solution of the largest internal problem within this democracy will ultimately be realized. Certainly no time could be more opportune than the present to accelerate these forces and to guide them with sympathy and understanding.

Making Conversation

THE whole subject of conversation, not born but made, is acutely raised by a book entitled "One Thousand Literary Questions and Answers," compiled by Mary Eleanore Kramer. Here are a thousand enemies of social intercourse, marshalled into a solid battalion of boredom. It is a magazine of ammunition for the unthinking, to be drawn upon, in moments of leisure snatched from the actualities of life, and stored up for discharge on society. "What American poet was the author of a poem that netted him five hundred dollars a word?" "What author made one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in five years by her pen?" "For what is Fishkill famous?" "Who wrote Fuzzy Wuzzy?" "Who wrote 'Earth hath no sorrow Heaven cannot heal'?" In the answers to these questions, and others of a similar nature hoarded for grim use on social occasions, do there not centre all one's complaints anent the deterioration of modern conversation? "I see by the papers——" Who has not shuddered at that clubbed rifle of the commuter's special?

But, indeed, it is the art of reading and of writing, and the facilities for self-education furnished thereby, that have murdered the fine art of the audible interchange of ideas. There were Agamemnons before and after the Trojan wars. Bores never failed in any age. But in the more bucolic days they were restricted to neighborhood gossip, the latest idyllic scandal, the price of mutton, and the most recent pranks of Pan in the creamery. Nobody interrupted when Joan told about Puck turning the milk sour in the churns, and categorically announced that, according to Mrs. Dairymother in the June *Butterwoman*, the mishap was due to an excess of hydrolactic acid. And when the bread refused to rise in the pan, o' a cold winter's night, the failure was referred, with mysterious shudders, to fairies, not Jenny Popover, the bread expert of the *Bucolic Bazaar*. But nowadays, beginning with the Encyclopædia, "Conversations Lexicon," as our friends the Germans appropriately call it, continuing with the newspapers, the magazine, and informative literature of the kind under consideration, we have reached the status of conversational warfare, where interchange of hand-grenades of fact destroy all the charm of the open tactics of ideas.

Conversation should not be a series of big bow-wow bombardments. Sometimes a Coleridge or a Carlyle succeeds in making a monologue of ideas and imagery. Even this, though fascinating, irritates and oppresses, and finally reduces supposed fellow-conversers to the position of refugees in bombproofs. If these tactics are pursued by a stupid person, a gunner of facts, trench hysteria finally seizes the rest of the company. Conversation, according to the best current conceptions, should be a kind of skirmishing, sniping warfare of sharpshooters, working up to a sharp crackle of musketry from all sides in moments of great intensity. Heavy shells of the kind hurled by the man who announced in company that Milton was a great poet level the whole breastworks of intercourse with a clumsy explosion, unless there be a nimble Charles Lamb in the vicinity to snatch up the projectile and toss it back on its clownish originator. Facts are the death of conversation. They are immodest and blatant. They are the poison gas of the parlor. They will not be denied. You're another, is their only answer, which at once transfers the discussion into physical realms. Not all of us can afford to set off a countermine in such a phrase as "After all, what is the Constitution between friends?" Facts awe us. What is more, they are contagious. Their use leads to reprisal. You Zeppelin one of the tender children of my fancy, and I send an air raid of statistics in pursuit of yours. Thereupon develops an argument which is the drumfire of conversation, and causes the wax flowers in the glass case on the mantelpiece to gyrate wildly.

And, then, what has become of silence, the best conversation of all? This is a phase of the art we have entirely lost. Not all the moments of the Mermaid Tavern were punctuated with bursting imagery and epigram, surely, but there must have been long periods of a sort of inarticulate night luminosity, torn only now and then by a star-bomb of momentary glory. Real conversation is like the blank verse of Hamlet, rambling, pausing, hesitating, but with a hidden rhythm of sentiment and sympathy running through it. Our modern, pinchbeck variety more resembles the trip-hammer verse of Pope, with anxiously recurring reference to fact, with no charm of irrelevances or inconsistencies, a thunderous rhyming of the protagonists, as in French tragedy.

But how is this vast wealth of fact with which we are continually bursting to be cut off? The restoration of the classics to our college curriculums has been recommended. The substitution of horses for automobiles would also do away with gasolene fumes on Fifth Avenue. Obviously, the correct method, then, is not a return to illiteracy. Perhaps the development of a fleet of swift-flying destroyer aeroplanes, to cruise over the enemy lines and bomb out a fact-battery as soon as it betrays its existence, might not be impossible. If, on mere mention of Dr. Johnson, a Fact-Hun unexpectedly lands a shell in your conversational dug-out to the effect that "Dr. J. is supposed to have written 'Rasselas,' his only romance, in a single night, to defray the funeral expenses of his mother" (p. 190, Kramer), you can silence him with a shower of bombs, true or untrue, about all the other poets who did as much and more for their parents. The only satisfaction of having a fact to utter consists in its being exclusive.

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Overhauling the Machinery of Empire

AN American Secretary of State was once asked by an American Ambassador to Great Britain precisely whom or what he had in mind when he addressed an official communication to His Majesty's Government. The Secretary confessed that, as a rule, he had in mind no particular person, but rather the aggregation of functionaries, no one of whom he was so fortunate as to know personally, who made up the Foreign Office, or, perhaps, the Cabinet. "But when I present your note," replied the Ambassador, "I read it to a very real man, and the impression which it makes upon him is sometimes different from what was intended when you addressed it to His Majesty's Government in general." The moral is twofold: first, that a Government (the famous preamble of the Massachusetts Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding) consists in the last resort of men; and, secondly, that discussion of governmental matters is likely to be facilitated when the officials of various countries know one another.

The practical workings of the British Constitution, interesting at all times to an American, are peculiarly interesting when examined under the shadow of the great war. I say under the shadow, rather than in the light, of the war because the war, whatever the success with which it is being prosecuted or the confidence which is felt among all classes in its outcome, has nevertheless produced, in every department of British administration, a mixture of confusion and nervous tension which makes a study of any part of the complicated mechanism exceptionally difficult. Without exception, the officials whom I have approached have shown the same courteous willingness to answer questions and further investigation that I found everywhere in France; but it was also evident, often, that they were not always quite sure of the extent of their own powers, that there was a good deal of overlapping and of arbitrary division of functions, that the machinery did not always work smoothly and surely, and that forward steps were sometimes taken a good deal in the dark. On the other hand, if unstinted personal devotion, long hours of strenuous labor, a cheerful relinquishment of the Englishman's much-valued holidays, and a serious determination to do the best with every problem that arises count for anything, the creaking wheels of empire will not fail to grind out victory and peace. I have often wondered if any honest German, were he to study the operations of government in England to-day, could still believe that they were grinding out anything else.

The transformation of the historic Cabinet which followed the overthrow of the Asquith Government, and which placed political control nominally in the hands of five Ministers, but actually in the hands of three, must be passed over here, partly because the change, in form at least, was a good deal commented upon at the time, and partly because a consideration of its full constitutional significance merits separate treatment. For the future of the British Empire as a whole, a greater significance attaches to the so-called Imperial War Cabinet. For six weeks from March 21 the Prime Ministers or other representatives of the self-governing Dominions sat in council several times each week with Mr. Lloyd George and his associates, for the consideration not only of colonial and imperial matters, but as well of questions of war and peace and of general British policy. The arrangement was as characteristic of British constitutional methods as it was novel in form. No one of the colonial representatives was present under any constitutional warrant or mandate; each came at the personal request of Mr. Lloyd George. None was constitutionally empowered to speak for the colony which he represented, or to bind the colony, legally or morally, to the support either of his own votes or of the conclusions of the War Cabinet as a whole. None, certainly, had any constitutional right to sit in judgment upon any question of purely English policy. Yet they were for the time being integral members of the British Cabinet and integral parts of the domestic as well as of the imperial machinery of English government, and were accepted as such, apparently, not only by Parliament, but by the nation as well.

Side by side with the Imperial War Cabinet were held the sessions of the Imperial War Conference, attended by the Dominion and Indian members of the War Cabinet. A report of the proceedings of the Conference, shorn, however, of some of the most important debates, has just been published. It is not easy to draw the line between the two bodies with precision, save in form, not only because of the partial duplication of personnel, but also because various propositions which came before each of the bodies had already been discussed by the other. The most important resolution agreed to, for example, that in favor of imperial trade preference after the war, was fully debated by the War Cabinet before it was presented in the Conference, and was adopted by the latter body practically without discussion. India, on the other hand, while formally represented in the War Cabinet, was only informally represented in the Conference; and one of the resolutions of the Conference urged such modification of a resolution of the Imperial Conference of 1907 as would permit of the full representation of India in all future conferences. It should be noted that the assent of the colonies is necessary to give effect to this recommendation.

It is the effect upon the future constitutional relations of the British Empire that forms, for the moment, the most important aspect of the work of the Imperial War Cabinet and the Imperial War Conference. The Conference was of the opinion that "the readjustment of the constitutional relations of the component parts of the Empire is too important and intricate a subject to be dealt with during the war, and that it should form the subject of a special Imperial Conference to be summoned as soon as possible after the cessation of hostilities." The Conference placed on record, however, its view that "any such readjustment, while thoroughly preserving all existing powers of self-government and complete control of domestic affairs, should be based upon a full recognition of the Dominions as autonomous nations of an Imperial Commonwealth, and of India as an important portion of the same, should recognize the right of the Dominions and India to an adequate voice in foreign policy and in foreign relations, and should provide effective arrangements for continuous consultation in all important matters of common Imperial concern, and for such necessary concerted action, founded

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on consultation, as the several Governments may determine."

In discussing the resolution, the final form of which was moved by Sir Robert Borden, General Smuts, whose public addresses in England have attracted wide attention, pointed out that the adoption of the resolution would negative, happily as he believed, the idea of "a future Imperial Parliament and a future Imperial Executive," and would leave the Empire free to develop "on the lines upon which it has developed hitherto"; that there will be "more freedom and more equality in all its constituent parts," and that they "will continue to legislate for themselves and continue to govern themselves." "Here we are," he declared, "a group of nations spread over the whole world, speaking different languages, belonging to different races, with entirely different economic circumstances; and to attempt to run even the common concerns of that group of nations by means of a central Parliament and a central Executive is, to my mind, absolutely to court disaster."

Here, then, we have, although for the moment in outline only, the programme around which, when peace shall come, the discussion of British imperial reorganization will turn. So far as the older programme of imperial federation involved the creation of an Imperial Parliament with an enhanced measure of control over the colonies, it has been repudiated. Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand are to-day too large, too strong, and too independent to be dealt with in that way; Newfoundland, although perhaps not destined to continue long under a separate government, feels no less self-reliance than its larger sister colonies; and the voice of India must now be listened to. On the other hand, India and the Colonies have proved, in unexampled measure, their loyalty to the Crown; and their aid, grievously as it has been needed, has been accepted, not with grudging acquiescence or empty compliment, but with hearty cordiality and sincere gratitude. What the new imperial programme demands is a "more perfect union" based, on the one hand, upon frank recognition of local differences and needs, and, on the other, upon an equally frank recognition of the solidarity of British peoples throughout the world. Instead of the historic conception of the Dominions as subject provinces, as they still are in theory and to some extent in practice, there will now have to enter, in General Smuts's phrase, the idea of the Dominions as "equal nations of the Empire." The new machinery which shall give effect to the new imperial conception will be, one may suspect, little more perfect theoretically than that which exists to-day, for the reason that theoretical consistency, in either government or administration, is one of the last things over which an Englishman allows himself to be disturbed; but it will pretty certainly be such as will, in practice, bind together more effectively the world-wide Empire in common interest for the attainment of common ends.

For the moment, the most significant ends appear to be economic rather than political. The publication of the resolutions of the Imperial War Conference followed hard upon the issuance of the final report of the Dominions Royal Commission, which has been conducting, since its creation in 1912, an inquiry into the natural resources, trade, and legislation of the self-governing colonies. The conclusion of the Commission is that "joint inter-Imperial organization has so far made little effective progress," and that existing organizations are "inadequate to deal, promptly and efficiently," with such matters as telegraph, cable and shipping communication, the inter-Imperial postal service, the development of harbors and commercial waterways, migration, trade legislation, the use of capital in the development of Imperial resources, the dissemination of news bearing upon Imperial questions and interest, the preparation and publication of statistics, and the handling of commodities. The Commission accordingly recommends the creation of an Imperial Development Board, with headquarters in London, for the systematic study of trade conditions within the Empire and of "the methods of production and distribution of rival trading countries which have similar problems to face"; together with an enlargement of the functions of the present Department of Commercial Intelligence of the Board of Trade.

Coincidently with the publication of this report, probably the most important, so far as a comprehensive survey of British economic resources is concerned, that has ever been issued, announcement is made that the Foreign Trade Department of the Foreign Office, which of late has been mainly occupied with the preparation of "black-lists" of enemy firms, has elaborated a scheme for the furtherance of British export trade through the systematic assembling of statistical and other information, and the distribution of the same to merchants through chambers of commerce. The Royal Colonial Institute, with a membership of over 11,000, maintains courses of lectures at every English and Scotch university situated in a large centre of population on the history, government, law, commerce, economics, botany, and geography of the Empire; furnishes illustrated lectures on colonial topics in all parts of the country and at military camps and hospitals; maintains a bureau which is much used by persons seeking information about colonial trade; and has stirred up the Government to begin an inquiry into the natural resources and trade conditions of the Crown colonies and colonies not yet possessing responsible government. Finally, the British Empire Producers' Association has presented to the Imperial War Cabinet a memorial, signed by representatives of eighty-one associations of producers and manufacturers with an estimated joint capital of £1,000,000,000, praying for the fuller development of Imperial resources, approving the resolutions of the Paris Economic Conference, and calling for a thorough revision of the existing system of general and technical education.

It needs no great measure of foresight to perceive that the adoption of such plans and recommendations as have just been cited, not to speak of other similar ones which are certain to be brought forward, will inevitably work far-reaching changes in English policy and administrative methods, in the relations between England and the colonies, and in the position of England as a world power. The suggestion of imperial preference, for example, comes at a moment when the demand for protection is being vigorously urged and widely discussed, and when stanch supporters of free trade frankly admit that the protective policy may prevail. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Bonar Law, in announcing to the House of Commons the resolution of the War Cabinet regarding imperial preference, stated that there would be no change during the war, and that the resolution "does not involve the taxation of food." On the same day Mr. Lloyd George said the same thing at the Guildhall. Unless, however, Great Britain is somehow to cease importing food in large quantities, not

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only from the colonies, but from foreign countries, imperial preference without the taxation of food is likely to prove a chimera. The fight for protection is on, however, and it is significant that not a few who decline to discuss the question as one of economics, perhaps from a desire to avoid raising an old and troublesome controversy, are supporting it as a wise measure of national defence.

It is difficult to see how there can be much enlargement of imperial administrative functions without a considerable improvement in existing methods. I am not prepared to say that, as government service goes, the English departmental service to-day is inefficient, but it is certainly cumbersome, ill coördinated, and often exasperatingly slow. There are exceptions and extenuating circumstances, of course; indeed, when one realizes the tremendous pressure of the war upon every branch of the service, not excepting local government, one wonders that so much is done so well rather than that some things are done bunglingly. Wherever the Commissioners of the Civil Service have been able to manage questions of personnel, one finds as a rule relative competency and efficiency and a healthy system of discipline. On the other hand, the call for men for the army and navy has drained every department and bureau heavily of its trained staff, and brought in a veritable flood of new men and many women whose initial fitness was relatively inferior. Such drains bear with peculiar weight upon the Colonial Office and India Office, where the losses cannot well be made good by the employment of substitutes, and where, in consequence, the service must go on short-handed as best it may. A portentous array of new departments and bureaus, chief among them the Ministries of Munitions and Food, has been created, and has had to handle, on the whole successfully, vast and complicated operations with huge numbers of employees drawn hastily from almost every walk of life; the regular Government offices, already congested before the war, have proved wholly inadequate and have overflowed into hotels, clubs, office buildings, and private residences all over London; while the lack, in many cases, of even the most usual office equipment would drive an American efficiency expert to despair. But the work is being done, by hook if not by crook; day and night the huge, if unwieldy, machinery grinds its grist of preparation and defence. The strength of English administration, after all, is in the quality of the men who operate it; and the men who to-day, in every department of the widely ramified administrative service, are bending all their energies to the solution of the problems created by the war, are not likely to be found wanting when the no less serious imperial problems of peace come to be faced.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

London, May 28

A Statesman Retired from Business

LOOKING around the House of Lords one is struck by the appearance of Lord Lansdowne seated on a bench below the Gangway. Long time a prominent figure on one or other of the front benches where Ministers and ex-Ministers sit, he mutely intimates his retirement from business. On the death of Lord Salisbury there was no question of his right of succession to the leadership of the Unionist party in the House of Lords. A ready speaker, independent of notes when suddenly called upon, his manner was courteous, his suavity inflexible, his voice cooing like a sucking dove. He was at least equally popular with his opponents as with his own party. Acrimony, political or personal, was foreign to his nature. But through varying circumstances there was never conceded to him the same measure of unquestioned obedience tendered to, to be precise exacted by, his predecessor. Of the bluest blood, fifth Marquis of his line, twenty-sixth inheritor of an Irish barony created in the twelfth century, he had the disadvantage, serious in an assembly predominantly Tory, of having commenced his political career under the patronage of Gladstone. A man may grow out of his early political creed. Mr. Chamberlain, for example, did so with unqualified success. To others of less intellectual mobility there is always danger of the earlier tendency reasserting itself. One who between his twenty-fourth and twenty-ninth year was successively Lord of the Treasury and Under-Secretary for War in a Government that partially freed Ireland from the yoke of the landlord and disestablished an alien church, might have relapses, albeit he had crossed the floor of the House accepting office under Lord Salisbury.

Suspicion on this score by an influential clique made Lord Lansdowne's position as leader of the party one of difficulty. A prominent occasion arose in connection with one of Mr. Lloyd George's budgets. A Home Rule bill being concurrently to the fore, the Unionist peers resolved to make a flank attack upon it by throwing out the budget. The step, if not absolutely unconstitutional, was contrary to all precedent. It was privately opposed by the leader of the House, who perceived its suicidal tendency. His efforts were unavailing. For the moment the House was led by a majority of usually obscure peers of the political sagacity of Lord Willoughby de Broke, their authority in statecraft measured by the freedom from party prejudice habitually displayed by Lord Halsbury. Under this combined influence they, in spite of the warning from Lord Lansdowne and other cooler heads, ran down a steep place into the sea. They destroyed the budget, with the result of the introduction of a measure which permanently clipped their wings, and made it possible within a period of three years to add the hated Home Rule bill to the Statute Book.

The introduction of what became the Parliament act placed Lord Lansdowne in a position of fresh difficulty. Lord Willoughby de Broke, "out for blood," as he picturesquely described himself at a meeting of suburban Unionists, would have treated the measure as he and his friends had dealt with the budget. Lord Halsbury, undismayed by the action for which he was largely responsible, was eager for another fight. Lord Lansdowne, his earlier counsel remembered, was in a stronger position in face of the new danger. By his skilful direction the Parliament bill was grudgingly permitted to go through successive stages, the hostile majority surrendering by the expedient of abstention from the division lobby.

The shunting of Lord Lansdowne began with the formation of the Coalition Government in the spring of 1915. Presumably a statesman who had for many years occupied one of the two highest positions in the Unionist party would be invited to assume a corresponding place in the combined Government. What happened was that, while his principal colleagues were suitably provided with office and salaries, Lord Lansdowne assumed the anomalous post

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of a Cabinet Minister without either. A further and final step was made on the reconstruction of the Coalition Government, following on the retirement of Mr. Asquith. He was left out altogether. There is, of course, another way of presenting these hard facts. It might be said that his Lordship, after a long life of varied, always strenuous, service to his country, albeit not past the age at which English statesmen cling to the laboring oar, gratefully seized upon an opportunity to enjoy well-earned rest. The same thing might have been said about Stafford Northcote, when he was peremptorily elbowed out of the House of Commons by Lord Randolph Churchill. Nevertheless the treatment broke his gentle heart. He tragically died in an anteroom in the Foreign Office, having presumably called upon Lord Salisbury to thank him for considerately rewarding long service to the party and the country by exiling him to the House of Lords.

It is a striking example of the mutability of the political career that of two statesmen who a year ago were regarded as indispensable leaders of their respective parties one to-day sits on the front Opposition bench in the House of Commons, the other below the Gangway in the House of Lords, while Mr. Lloyd George in one house, Earl Curzon in the other, occupy places at one time regarded as impregnable against foe or friend. The Macaulay of the future will find in the events of the last two years and a half a fertile field of narrative and comment. No chapter will be more piquant than one in which, with full information at present withheld from the public, he tells the story of the Coalition Government. HENRY LUCY

House of Lords, May 24

A la Grande République des Etats-Unis

[The author of the following poem is a learned member of the Institute of France and a professor at the University of Paris. In sending me these verses he writes: "L'intervention américaine est un acte admirable, telle qu'elle s'est produite. Elle m'a inspiré sur l'heure l'hommage inclus, que j'ai lu de suite à mes auditeurs du Collège de France où j'avais traité depuis le mois de Janvier du développement de la politique de M. Wilson et prévu, je puis le dire, sa conclusion logique. Je n'ai pas encore publié cette pièce de vers, et je serais très heureux d'en offrir la primeur à la presse américaine."

THEODORE STANTON.]

RENAÎT-elle aujourd'hui la jeunesse du monde
Qu'entrevit le poète?—Effroyable chaos
De sang, de fer, de feu, de barbarie immonde,
Quel destin roules-tu dans l'horreur de tes flots?

Oh! si nous percevions l'infini de souffrance,
Que Dieu seul peut connaître, où se brise le cœur
De millions d'humains, du pôle à l'équateur!
Oh! si nous entendions le râle affreux, immense,
Des êtres innocents, des êtres sans défense
Que broie, en sa fureur, le fauve déchaîné!

Mais voici que du sein du monstrueux abîme
S'élève radieux, sur le monde étonné,
S'élançant vers le ciel, l'amour sacré, sublime
De Dieu, de la patrie et de la liberté.

Et pour percer la nuit d'épouvante infernale,
Des étoiles au loin montent à l'horizon.
Messagères de paix, de justice idéale,
Elles versent d'en haut leur clarté triomphale,
Comme aux âges premiers la lumière eut raison
Du chaos ténébreux; messagères divines,
Elles sont à jamais, pour chaque nation
Qui souffre ou qui combat sous le bandeau d'épines,
Le signe de salut et de rédemption.

Terre de liberté d'où montent les étoiles,
Qui domines le monde, en le régénérant,
Qui rêves d'un azur immuable et sans voiles,
Qui te lèves aux cris de l'Univers souffrant,
Salut, ô noble peuple, ô peuple trois fois grand!

Ta gigantesque image, au seuil de l'Océan,
Où le sculpteur français exalta ton génie,
N'est plus de ta grandeur qu'un symbole imparfait.
Debout, le fer en main, pour de la tyrannie,
Du règne de la force extirper le forfait,
Justice et liberté te font une couronne
Où s'enlace l'amour pur de humanité,
Au seuil des temps futurs, ton front altier rayonne,
Phare resplendissant, d'immortelle beauté.

JACQUES FLACH,
Membre de l'Institut de France

Paris, 10 Avril, 1917

Correspondence

WAR FINANCE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial on War Finance in the *Nation* of June 14, a reduction in the proposed supertax rates above 40 per cent. is urged on the ground that lower rates are imposed in Great Britain. Comparison shows that this statement is true to so limited an extent that it can hardly be considered a convincing argument. The maximum rate for which provision is made in the Revenue bill passed by the House of Representatives is 62 per cent. The maximum rate in the Senate bill is 50 per cent. Both these rates apply only to incomes in excess of $2,000,000. All income in excess of $50,000 is taxed at the rate of 42.5 per cent. in Great Britain. This British maximum rate is not reached on any portion of income below $250,000 by the House bill and only on income in excess of $300,000 by the Senate bill.

The comparison of rates of successive portions of income has, however, little significance. The important matter is the total amount which a taxpayer with a given income must pay. Owing to the much lighter tax rates proposed in this country on the first $200,000 or more of any income, no one in this country with an income of less than $600,000 will pay as much as British subjects if the rates in the House bill are adopted. If the rates in the Senate bill are adopted, only those Americans with an income of more than $1,500,000 will contribute a larger proportion of their income to the war than British subjects.

You note with approval the wise decision of the Senate Committee in favor of the English type of excess profits tax. I feel sure that I express the opinion of most of those

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who are in favor of heavy taxation during the war in saying that, if the present British rate of 80 per cent. or even a rate of 50 per cent. on excess profits is imposed, there will be no criticism of a reduction in supertax rates so that no one in this country will pay a higher income tax than is imposed on similar incomes in Great Britain.

O. M. W. SPRAGUE

Harvard University, June 19

STAMP TAXES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 31, under the caption, "The War Loan and War Taxes," you remark that "it is difficult to discover valid objection to the two-cent stamp tax on bank checks—extremely productive during the Spanish War period and certain to be much more so now." From other sources, from time to time, we hear suggestions of the same sort. England, I understand, resorts to stamp taxes far more than we, in peace no less than in war, without valid objection ever being urged.

So far as there is objection in the United States, I believe it comes from the probability that the small depositor would thenceforth forego the comfort of using his checkbook; and, pocketing his month's salary, would start down the street to pay his bills in cash, using checks only for his few out-of-town accounts. It would be my instinct to do that. To him it would cause inconvenience, and those banks which depend upon small depositors for the bulk of their funds would suffer considerably.

But the objection to the taxing of bank checks lies principally in the amount of the proposed tax. It would double, or under the proposed increase of postal rates more than double, the cost of paying a bill. Therefore I marvel that in all the discussions which I have seen the amount of the tax has constantly been set at 2 cents. There would not be the same objection to a lower stamp tax—say, a quarter of a cent for each check. Where one would hesitate to put a two-cent stamp on one check, one would cheerfully affix a quarter-cent stamp on each of eight checks.

The revenue from even so small a tax would be considerable. It would no doubt far exceed one-eighth of the revenue expected from a two-cent tax for the very reason that it would not appreciably discourage payment by check. At the same time it probably would not raise the storm of protest which, despite the difficulty of discovering the valid objection, has always greeted the proposal of a stamp tax of two cents. CHARLES HASTINGS BROWN

Norwood, Mass., June 8

THE LONDON "NATION"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 12, under the heading of "Censorship and Suppression," you write, referring to the London *Nation* being excluded from the foreign mail, that the news "comes with particularly bad grace at the very moment that the United States is making the supreme sacrifice of war to uphold England." The effort of Great Britain in this war, according to Lieutenant-General Smuts, surpasses the imagination of the world. It is far, far greater than the rest of the Allies combined, and added to what America will be called upon to bear. None of the tremendous costly mistakes will be committed by America, and she enters the war at a period that almost smashes the scale. It is easy to criticise, but Great Britain has had her hands full. Very serious errors have been made, but it is not for America to point the accusing hand. Whether full liberty of the press is an error to justify your unfriendly remark is quite debatable (don't think that I am unkind, for I immensely appreciate your paper), but the liberty which it has enjoined has made a bad impression in France, Russia, and Italy. After all, full liberties of the press are unknown outside Great Britain and the United States. Out here in Chili, where the press is largely pro-German, the London *Nation* is continually quoted, and the result is that Germany is actually respected, whereas before the war that country was perhaps disliked. The true issues are not understood by the people, and the generous and high-minded speech of President Wilson, when he asked Congress to resolve on war, found no fitting response here. And, finally, it is a long way from your construction of the purpose of the war in the words that "America makes the supreme sacrifice to uphold England" to President Wilson's "We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and freedom of nations can make them." G. R. PAYNE

Coronel, Chili, May 24

MUSHROOMS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At least one ardent amateur mycologist read your recent very timely article on succulent mushrooms with keen interest and pleasure. But why should its obviously well-informed writer, even within the somewhat narrow limits of such a paper, have left out all mention of the three varieties of *coprinus*, one of the safest and best and most productive mushrooms we have? The *Coprinus micaceus* (so-called because tiny blinking scales may often be seen on its rusty brown cap) grows in clusters from earliest spring to late autumn, and after every rain you may see them at the base of large trees or growing out of the grass where a tree was once cut down but not wholly uprooted. The big brother of this variety, the *Coprinus atramentarius*, has a similar habitat, but is much fleshier and has a gray cap which is often a trifle slimy. Better than either, when you can get it, is the handsome shaggy-mane, *Coprinus comatus*, almost pure white, with a cap that has precisely the shape of a comet's head; this cap lifts up into little flaky projections, whence the popular name. The shaggy-mane grows on lawns, and often reaches very respectable size: I have picked one that weighed four ounces.

But even less comprehensible is the omission of the *Agaricus campestris*, or meadow mushroom, a variety so toothsome that in the markets it is generally called "the mushroom," all other varieties being "toadstools" to any but the connoisseur. This beautiful mushroom has a pure white cap, with a skin like a kid glove, which peels off readily, and its gills—always an infallible sign—are a delicate pink when fresh, turning brown as it ages. It grows on lawns or pastures, preferably where horses have fertilized the soil.

In the interest of science and of the epicure it should be further remarked that mushrooms do not grow at random, as many people seem to think, but have definite beds where they will grow indefinitely if not uprooted. He who would enjoy a regular diet of mushrooms will gradually acquire

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a knowledge of their haunts, and will seek them out at favorable times and seasons; if he have a wide range, he need rarely go without a dish for his dinner.

Let me conclude with a twofold caution: let no one imagine that by pouring a little spore-dust into the ground he may obtain a private bed of mushrooms in his back yard, for, *pace* your contributor, that is not the way it is done; moreover, enjoy your "brick-tops" if you will, but be sure it isn't a "jack-o'-lantern" before you eat it!

B. Q. Morgan

Washington, D. C., June 4

BOOKS

Au Champ d'Honneur

Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

THIS is the story of a young American, a poet of considerable promise, who, being in France at the outbreak of the war, joined the Foreign Legion, and at the end of something less than two years of service laid down his life nobly and uncomplainingly in the attack on Belloy-en-Santerre. A friend contributes an account of the last scene: "Mortally wounded, it was his fate to see his comrades pass him in their splendid charge and to forego the supreme moment of victory to which he had looked forward through so many months of bitterest hardship and trial. Together with those other generous wounded of the *Legion fallen,* he cheered on the fresh files as they came up to the attack, and listened anxiously for the cries of triumph which should tell of their success." His body lies buried in the battlefield, awaiting how many comrades of his own people yet to come and to suffer!

The incidents of his service in the trenches, in the rear, and on the field are told with vivid detail in fragments of a diary, and in letters home and to the New York *Sun.* Perhaps the most original passages are those which give glimpses into the soul of the poet, rather than of the soldier—particularly those which relate his experience while quartered in the cellars of a ruined château:

> "More than he who looks for the morning!" Never have I realized the force of this verse as in the interminable fourteen hours of these winter nights. It is heralded now by the morning star. In the last hours of darkness, amid the summer constellations just beginning to appear, the beautiful planet rises, marvellous, resplendent. Not long after the green glow of dawn mantles over the east. The landscape begins to grow visible, the black spots come out in all their innocuous detail. The little groups of men return to the central post. Here the relieving squad comes up before the stars have completely disappeared, and the tired watchers are free to return to the château.

And so the same far-off serenity encompasses and encourages the fighters of to-day as was seen from "the bridge of war" at Troy, when, as Homer wrote,

> The immeasurable heavens
> Break open to their highest, and all the stars
> Shine.

But the real interest of this little book is not so much in the descriptions of trench life, of which we are getting abundance, nor yet in the glimpses of poetry, as in the psychological conditions which threw this young American into the war and made him glory in his experiences. Fortunately, a long letter, written from a hospital to an unnamed young woman, gives a frank account of the working of his mind. As a college student at Harvard, he describes himself as a devotee of learning for learning's sake. He shut himself off completely from the life of the University, scoffing at the ordinary pleasures of the undergraduate and feeling no need of comradeship. He led the life of a bookish anchorite. And then came the rude and sudden awakening. Like the young men of Balzac's novels, the first glimpse of the world left him *ébloui.* He was haunted by an image that destroyed immediately the peace of mind, the singleness of purpose, the power of concentration, so essential to the intellectual life. From the beginning he had been caught by the mediæval formula of the the three categories, the lust for knowledge, the lust for feeling, the lust for power. And now, with the vision of the world's life cast up before him, the pursuit of knowledge is bereft of meaning and satisfaction, and he is caught by the full sweep of the lust for feeling. And so he ends his letter with this bit of advice to his correspondent:

> If ever you find yourself suddenly devoured by the divine passion, consult only your heart. Yield to your instincts. Possessed by the force which holds the stars in their orbits, you cannot err. For it is Nature that is asserting itself in you, and in Nature alone is truth. What though your abandonment to it bring deception and unhappiness. You have yet enriched your life with some particle of a beauty that can never fade.

For himself the opportunity of pressing the moment full with emotion came, not with love, but with the outbreak of war. The dedication to love alone, he says of himself, is good as far as it goes, but it goes only half way, and his aspiration was to "drink life to the lees." His interest in life was passion, his object to experience it in all rare and refined, in all intense and violent forms. The war having broken out, it was natural that he should have staked his life on learning what it alone would teach. And so he became a soldier. His motive was not hatred of the Germans; he was in fact an admirer of Teutonic institutions. Nor did the conflict possess for him any clear moral issue. "Peoples war," he says, "because strife is the law of nature and force the ultimate arbitrament among humanity no less than in the rest of the universe. He is on the side he is fighting for, not in the last analysis from ethical motives at all, but because destiny has set him in such a constellation." Being where he is, a man's part is to play the game boldly and honorably, as a cosmic gambler, so to speak, whose reward is in the intensity of the feelings aroused, no matter whether in the end he or death be the victor.

Let us admit that there is nothing mean or small in such a way of facing the issues of life and death, that it has the glow of youthful magnanimity; but is there not also in it something a little saddening? We speak not from the point of view of the pacifist; for the war is here, to be fought to its grim end. Our sadness, such as we feel, is rather a feeling of futility. Why was it that a youth of Seeger's keen intellectual interests should have suddenly found his pursuit of knowledge empty and meaningless? Why should so spirited a soul have left college with no central philosophy as an anchor against the winds of the world, with no sense of values save that which he drank in from the current Epicureanism? He thought, alas, he was pursuing glory and happiness; it is only too clear, to one who reads between the lines, that he was seeking escape from the ter-

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rible *ennui* of pleasure, and hoping to find in a soldier's obedience the healthful discipline of limitations which he had never learned at school. Of what avail is it to instruct a man in economics and government and biology and poetry and art and history, if he never learn the truth of his soul? Somehow we must get philosophy back into our schools or we are undone. Nor is there any avail in the trifling of pragmatism or the filth of Freudianism as these are taught in Seeger's college. There is a bitter truth for our philosophers themselves to learn before philosophy can be made again the centre of a truly humanistic education.

A Biography of Grant

Ulysses S. Grant. By Louis A. Coolidge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

PROFESSOR COOLIDGE has written an entertaining biography, more informing upon the civil than upon the military side of the subject. About two-thirds of its pages are given to that part of General Grant's career which came after the Civil War, an arrangement which suggests that the book was planned in a period of profound peace, when interest in warfare was at a low ebb, and the thought was fondly cherished that there would be no more wars. In General Grant's case such a view of the relative importance of his work as a soldier and his career as President could not have been sound even in the most peaceful times. Nor is the existence of many military biographies of General Grant a good reason for minimizing the story of his war service. His previous biographies have been written by eulogists, not by military students, and most of them have followed, as does Mr. Coolidge, that American Boswell whom General Francis A. Walker called the "spiteful Badeau." General James H. Wilson cleared the way to greater frankness in the portrayal of General Grant's strength and his weaknesses, and Mr. Coolidge balances the account fairly and well outside of the military sphere, with which he manifests a not very intimate knowledge. The books to which he refers as authorities in this sphere, some of them like his own book interesting, some of them merely pleasing, some of them abounding in error, a few of them books like Badeau's and Sheridan's, not to be relied upon unless supported by more trustworthy witnesses, make up upon the whole a somewhat curious list.

There is no indication in the preface or the text that Mr. Coolidge has read General Humphreys's "Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65," the one narrative of scientific accuracy and understanding of Grant's last campaign; Colonel Carswell McClellan's "Grant Versus the Record," published by Houghton Mifflin Co. in 1887; General Walker's "History of the Second Corps"; Archibald Gracie's "Chickamauga," or the careful narrative compiled by the Comte de Paris of the Chickamauga battle. The Comte de Paris says that Sheridan rode away from the battlefield of Chickamauga, as McCook and Crittenden did. Grant in his "Memoirs" says that McCook and Crittenden rode away from the field, but he was silent as to Sheridan's conduct, and Mr. Coolidge follows Grant's "Memoirs." To have stated the fact would have run counter to his contention that Sheridan was one of the four great Union generals. It may be explained that McCook and Crittenden were relieved from command, a fate from which Sheridan was spared, it appears, by Grant's protecting friendship manifested here and many times elsewhere.

Even with regard to General Butler, in whose behalf nobody will make the claim of competent generalship, Mr. Coolidge's narrative is made inaccurate by his close adherence to writers all of whom have been extremely hostile to Butler for political, social, personal, and in a minor way military reasons. Before the '64 campaign opened, Grant wrote to Butler that Lee's army and Richmond would be the main objectives, a double objective differing from the single one of destroying Lee's army usually attributed to Grant. Again, on April 2, Grant gave Butler definite instructions to move to City Point and to intrench. He reiterated that Richmond would be Butler's main objective, and he emphasized the necessity of holding closely to the south bank of the James River, and held out the hope that between the two coöperating armies Lee would be forced into the Richmond intrenchments. Butler's army numbered only some 30,000 men. Petersburg is twenty-two miles from the James River. The theory that Butler could have taken Petersburg and ended the war is an afterthought which disregards Grant's orders to Butler to move towards Richmond and to hold closely to the south bank of the James River. Other Union generals in Virginia at a much earlier time had had Petersburg in mind. In 1862 General Meade had written that the adherence to the overland route was a mistake, and that the correct movement was to cut the railways running to Richmond from the South and the Southwest. Eventually, after Grant's abandonment of his first chosen route, the line of operations favored by Meade in 1862 was adopted. But in April, 1864, Petersburg does not seem to have been in General Grant's mind. There are, however, far greater generals than Butler, much abler commanders than Sheridan, whose achievements in the Civil War as compared to those of Grant's favorite were as Waterloo to Bloemfontein. To one of the more skilful army commanders, General Meade, Mr. Coolidge reapplies an undervaluation handed down from the "spiteful" Badeau and accepted with zest by writers who, in the interest of particular fames, were well pleased to give further circulation to those outright misstatements, unmerited eulogies, and unfounded aspersions which Badeau first put into a long-discredited book.

Mr. Coolidge is more at home in his narrative of General Grant's more easily comprehended private and political life. He contrasts its successes and failures, important achievements and sorry mistakes, comforting conditions on the one side and sorrows and disasters on the other, with much skill. It is true that the Reconstruction period is still treated as if it had been possible by the enactment of laws different from those actually adopted and by methods other than those which were actually applied to the Southern States to accomplish the miracle of peoples divided by many years upon political and economic questions, followed by four years of war, at once resuming harmonious relations and behaving towards each other like "perfect gentlemen."

There are timely and much-needed words of condemnation of certain present-day attempts in novels and moving pictures to glorify the notorious Ku-Klux organization, and there is an unexpected recognition of the strength of character and directness of method of the group of "stalwart" Senators composed of Conkling, Cameron, Morton, Chandler, and a few others. There could well have been a brief

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passage restating, to a generation fed upon the brutal misrepresentation of Thaddeus Stevens in that moving-picture play which has been seen nearly everywhere in this country and in England, Stevens's life-long hatred of all forms of injustice, including the injustice of human slavery.

If it cannot be said that Mr. Coolidge's biography altogether explains the man Grant and his career, or sets forth the conditions, East and West, during the Civil War, through which conditions fortune smiled upon him for a few brief years and then seemed to forsake him again; if here and there the biographer seeks the contrasts and shadows for his picture outside of his subject when there were such abundant contrasts within it, he has nevertheless narrated the events of a difficult historical period with a skill which gives to the present generation a rapid and comprehensive account of much with which it should be acquainted, while older persons familiar with the story can read it once more with renewed interest.

Three Ages of Youth

One Year of Pierrot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Spring Song. By Forrest Reid. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Shadow Line: A Confession. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

AS we grow older, we see more clearly that youth, not sex, is the great and pure source of romance; the youth of which we were, and which does not miss us; from whose folly and anguish we are released; through whose fresh vision and high heart the world is eternally renewed for us. Therefore we are all of the cult, however our forms of observance may vary; for of all the ages of man the three most certainly venerable belong to youth. "One Year of Pierrot" is a book of baby-worship, a very sentimental little book, but the anonymous author keeps it clear of fatuity by putting the story into the mouth of the baby's little mother. She is a French girl, whose happy marriage of a few months has been broken by the death of her husband. She dreads the birth of her child, but the fact of motherhood recreates her. For and in the marvellous Pierrot she lives thenceforth, not only during the single year of his mortal life, but after. Young as she is, motherhood is the strongest part of her, and Pierrot the end to which her marriage has been a means. The prodigious virtue she attributes to him is the dear and quaint dream of young motherhood the world over, and so is her vision of a humanity which shares her worship. By her evidence, the whole town of Beaulieu consciously revolves about Pierrot from the hour of his birth. In his first days he softens the nature of the wooden Madame Lacroix and consoles a countess, enslaves the rich American artist, Jack Martin, and fairly embarks upon his career of benefactor to his kind. It is he who tames and reforms the wild man of the district, the terrible Gaston; who plays the part of Cupid between that villain and a certain damsel, as later between the great Jack Martin himself and the American maiden who, until Pierrot and his mother interpret life for her, is afraid of her womanhood. It is wild romance, the eternal romance of the child and his young mother, which life, not death, threatens with disillusion. Pierrot passes, and the mother's dream remains: "Pierrot was a Pierrot of gladness, and it is that alone I wish to remember. It is the little acts of Pierrot which brought happiness to every one, of which I have told. And now in telling about my Pierrot after he is gone, it is still those things I wish to remember."

"The Spring Song" is a book of deeper and subtler sentiment, an interpretation of the child heartbroken on the threshold of adolescence. "Grif" is the exceptional member of a family of stolid, healthy English children. His physical hold on life is slight, and he is of extreme spiritual sensitiveness, a child of dreams and of secret responses. His abnormality lies in having reached the early years of boyhood without losing the imaginative force of infancy: his is a world still apparelled in celestial light. His mind has not stiffened and narrowed in accordance with the British schoolboy code. He cannot make a god of sport: his gods lurk in wood and stream, the ancient gods of nature who have never ceased to be, though it is so long since any but babes and poets have worshipped them. With animals also he has a natural intimacy, because he himself is of nature. As for human companionship, such a child, who has outlived the years of childhood, must find himself much alone. His brothers and sisters are fond of him; something in him appeals to them, but they take it to be something "queer." He responds patiently enough to their blundering attempt to mould him to the pattern, but in his quiet way goes about his own business. As for the nature of that business, he has no means of conveying it to them. They have little speech in common, and silence is his inevitable refuge. He is alone in his pleasures, and alone when peril threatens him, since it is peril of a sort not to be put in words. It comes to him in the course of an apparently humdrum holiday which all the children are spending in their grandfather's country house. It is embodied in a strange old organist, a dangerous maniac who has once committed murder, and who works upon the sensitive Grif's imagination by implanting in him a fear of the supernatural world in which he has been so much at home. Grif strives dumbly to shake off the horror, but when at last his nightmare is dissipated, it is too late. The faith and beauty of his childhood are gone, and his stamina is not equal to the strain of embarking upon the "real" life of a world in which such brutality lurks. It is a heartbreaking little tale, since it brings home to us the almost invariable snuffing-out of the clear taper of childhood, by rough gust or soft pressure, as one passes from the garden to the highway of youth. And its poignancy lies in the fineness and restraint of feeling that differentiate it from the coarsely and slushily sentimental child-literature, the vulgar "sob-stuff" which so often appears to be "what the people want."

Mr. Conrad's "confession" is based, we are to suppose, upon some episode of his early experience—how closely must be, as always, a matter for rather tantalizing surmise. Some analogous incident lies, it is clear, in his memory, and interests him in retrospect not only for its own sake but because he sees it as typical of what in some form is bound to happen to every man. The thing as it stands can have only happened to Conrad the writer who was bred of Conrad the seaman. It is one of those strange sea-happenings upon which his imagination is wont to brood, and his account of it is saturated with his peculiar atmosphere of enchantment. The spell, to be sure, is woven simply, without those strange mystifying passes and momentary blindfoldings and maze-like followings of the clue which we expect of our Conrad. The tale is quite straight-

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forward, with a sort of breathless simplicity and candor. The young mate of a good ship in an Eastern port is suddenly inspired to "chuck his berth." He does not know why, he can give his friendly captain no good reason. He means, he thinks, to go Home. He is dismissed with good-humored regret, and finds himself a free man ashore. With three or four days to wait for the mailboat, he puts up at an Officers' Home in the little port. There he finds odd company, and thence, almost at once, he is lured by the unexpected offer of a "command." "A ship! My ship! She was mine, more absolutely mine for possession and care than anything in the world; an object of responsibility and devotion. She was waiting there for me, spellbound, unable to move, to live, to get out into the world (till I came), like an enchanted princess." She is a fine sailing ship, bound from Bangkok for the Indian Ocean. The young skipper is delighted with his first sight of her, well equipped and well found, with a white crew and lines of speed. But he is not long in discovering that all is not well with her. The mate has crazy notions about the death of the former skipper and the intentions of his ghost with regard to the ship and all on board. There are interminable delays in the course of getting clearance papers, and in the meantime the crew are falling sick with tropical fever. When they finally get away, there is no wind, and in the stagnant calm the illness on board increases. Presently only the captain and one man, the steward, a fine seaman who has had to come down in the world because of a weak heart, are left untouched by fever. The mate nearly dies, raving always of the dead man who is lying in wait for them, directly in their path, and who means to have his will of them. For weeks this goes on, and always the strain is more deadly. Then comes sudden tempest, and the ship, half-manned by sick men, barely keeps afloat. Suddenly, at the very ebb of the ship's vitality, the spell is broken, a fair wind rises and drives her, under a working crew of three, to port. The deadly affair is over, not ingloriously for the young skipper. But it has left its mark, it has fetched him across the "shadow line" that divides youth from maturity, and there is no return. This line, Mr. Conrad intimates, is even more marked than that between childhood and boyhood, which is a partition of dreams. "One closes the little gate of mere boyishness—and enters an enchanted garden. . . . It isn't because it is an undiscovered country. One knows well enough that all mankind has streamed that way. It is the charm of universal experience from which one expects an uncommon or personal sensation—a bit of one's own." The real change comes with the crossing of the shadow line that lies between dream and waking. This is a tale of that crossing, told by a master.

Tantrik Philosophy

Principles of Tantra. Part II: The Tantratattva of Sriyukta Shiva Chandra Vidyarnava Bhattacharya Mahodaya. With an Introduction by Barada Kanta Majumdar. Edited by Arthur Avalon. London: Luzac & Co.

THIS volume continues the work on Tantra, of which the first part was reviewed in the *Nation* two years ago (April 29, 1915, p. 471). It was remarked then that the Tantra is a modern feminine form of the belief in an immanent deity, that it is disfigured by sensuality veiled as spirituality, that it is bolstered up by a noxious doctrine of human infallibility, and is presented objectively by the cult of images. The present work, called "Principles of Tantra," is a nineteenth-century apologia composed in a pious but sarcastic spirit; a defence somewhat naïve, but also rather clever, of sensuality, infallibility, and doll-worship. The preface and introduction anticipate or reëcho the text. We purpose in this review to personate the author and his backers and give the apologia in essence.

Tantra is reproached with modernity. But does it not contain elements which are old? All will admit that this is so. Hence it is not modern. Remember how Madame Blavatsky's Hindu teacher proved that the Rig Veda knew about steam-engines. What is a locomotive? A car, fire, and smoke. Now the Rig Veda expressly mentions cars, has hymns to Fire, and speaks of smoke: hence the Rig Veda knows about locomotives in their essential qualities. So wine-drinking and other forms of sensuality are mentioned in ancient books, also images and teachers, inspired and hence infallible, and goddesses are mentioned as the female potencies of their respective gods. Hence the Tantrik texts are of an unknown antiquity, *q. e. d.*

Tantra has no transcendent deity; it recognizes gods, but its deity is the Universal Mother: hence there is no distinction of caste. All are alike children of the Mother. But be careful that the Teacher is a member of [our] Brahman caste; a low-caste Teacher would be an abomination.

Now as to worship. One adores by becoming the deity. One merges the self in the universal. One begins by feeling; then, by higher processes of self-culture, one realizes the all-blissful Mother of the Universe. Yet alas! man is a creature of passions. Older (perhaps it is better to say other) religions have taught that man should learn to control these passions. It is clear that they must be either controlled or utilized. Tantra knows that they cannot be done away with, hence it prefers that they should be used. Thus they become agents to lead this little self to the great Mother, who is herself compact with such passions. Wine and sexuality exhilarate. If one is a poet, they make him more poetical; if he is devout, they make him more devotional. Thus the very things apt to cause man's downfall are in Tantra utilized to further his spirituality. Let one consider that eating meat, drinking intoxicants, and sexual indulgence are divine acts, prompted by the Divine Mother. Hence they are not impure when regarded rightly; it is impure only to perform them as not pure, not divine. Thus one should pray: "O Mother of the Universe, whatsoever I do, from morn to eve, from eve to morn, that is worship of Thee" (*tad eva tava pūjitam, Jaganmātar*).

As to male and female in the divine, one may say Father or Mother; but, in Tantra, Kali comes before Vishnu, the left hand (*vāmā*, place of the wife) usurps the right. But one feels that Potency [Shakti, a feminine noun] is female and rather Mother than Father, though really both. But let one ever remember that one worships not dead insensate Nature,* but the living Potency which is the universe of pure being, consciousness, and bliss; and let one know that the divine words with which (as texts) one sings Her praises are indeed themselves divine, not mere sounds, but manifestations of the spiritual, divine, eternal Potency.

*"What can be more idiotic than to hold that the soil of the earth is unconscious matter, when men, beasts, birds, insects, trees, shrubs, mountains, and all else, derive their consciousness from the force of consciousness contained in every atom of the earth?"

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There are many fools nowadays, especially in Bengal, the playground of religious anarchy, who put on a superior air and talk about doll-worship, as if forsooth they were better than the wise men of old who worshipped images. And perhaps (as these fools shout on every occasion) there have been saints who dispensed with images. But is that any reason why a miserable Bengali insect should imagine that his insignificant spirituality can dispense with the "outer service"? Inner service, indeed! Thou fool! First get some real innards and then talk of thy "inner service." Hast thou not heard of the Delhi Laddu [fair but tasteless apples] of which it is said that he grieves who has not tasted them, but he grieves more who has? Thy "formless service" will do thee even so much good as the Delhi Laddu.

In the cult, too, there are little thinkers who make great talkers and loudly ridicule the feeding and adorning of images. "What," they cry, "will you feed Her with green peas who herself feeds the world?" And again: "Will you adorn Her with tinsel, whose jewels are the stars and all the gems of earth are her adornment?" And then they expect us to look abashed and say naught. But to each we answer, Yes, yes, thou pigmy soul. Not indeed as if She needed food do we feed Her; not as if She lacked do we adorn Her; but we, we, Her children who love Her, we offer because *we* need, *we* lack. And what do we need? What but to show Her our loving service? Thou canst not understand? So much the worse for thee. But She understands; She will not mock; She will not reject. She will indeed pretend to be delighted, even as an earthly mother accepts her child's poor offering.

Now (to quit the rôle of impersonator), what is one to say of such a religion as this? It is as honest as Billy Sunday and more refined in expression; as god-mad as any saint or philosopher of ecstasy and more reasonable than Plotinus. Let us say that it is not philosophical at all, but a religion of sentiment built on a few philosophical platitudes. The devotee is moved to tears "by the sight of everything in this world." The Mad Girl (synonymous with the Universal Mother) is robed in space and "wherever I look I see her robes; how can I remain unmoved? Unceasing tears of love flow from my eyes in the plenitude of my tender feeling. . . . Her light is in the blue throat of the peacock; endless waves of her beauty ripple in the petals of the lotus . . . all things are made glorious through the Deity at whose feet I bow." Isn't that too lovely for anything? But it is real; the devotee is not talking through his hat; he really feels and weeps, becomes one with the Great Mother, and in religious delirium gives us to-day in this twentieth century the spectacle of one possessed with Orphic mysticism, sensuous and yet speculative, "utilizing passion to elevate the soul."

The Old Northwest

Early Narratives of the Northwest, 1634–1699. Edited by Louise Phelps Kellogg. With a Facsimile and Two Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

THIS volume brings to a close the useful series of Original Narratives of Early American History. Although not by any means the most important of the series, it is in many respects the most interesting. The narrations of the early Frenchmen who traversed the Old Northwest possess a charm that will always appeal to the student of history. Miss Kellogg opens her volume with the fragmentary reference to the Western journey of Jean Nicolet (which probably occurred in 1634) from the Vimont "Relation" of 1642, and closes with the voyage of St. Cosme, 1698-1699. Between these are gathered the well-known narratives of Radisson, Nicolas Perrot, Father Allouez, Dollier and Galinée, Father Marquette, and others. As in the preceding volumes, in addition to a general introduction, the narratives are separately prefaced. The work throughout is substantially, if not always adequately, annotated.

Radisson's account of his third (or first Western) journey is reprinted from the "Voyages" issued by the Prince Society, of Boston, in 1885. The transcript from which this volume was printed is known to have been very inaccurate. Some years ago Miss Agnes Laut caused a careful transcript of the manuscript in the Bodleian Library to be made, intending at that time to edit it for publication. Of the existence of this copy Miss Kellogg appears to have been unaware. It is now in the Edward E. Ayer collection of the Newberry Library, and it is unfortunate that Miss Kellogg did not make use of it.

The "Voyages" were probably written by Radisson between 1665 and 1670. For at what time would he be more likely to desire the interest of certain influential Englishmen in his fur-trading schemes? The incentive to write certainly was stronger at that period than at any subsequent time. And it may safely be stated that this adventurous Frenchman never wrote for the love of writing, or because he desired to preserve valuable data for the future historian. The facsimile of a page of Radisson's journal, given in Miss Kellogg's volume, clearly indicates that the Bodleian manuscript is not the original, but a copy. The handwriting is that of the first quarter of the eighteenth century, say 1715-1730. The copyist but imperfectly understood what was before him and undoubtedly added many blunders of his own, particularly in writing Indian names.

When the narrative was first given to the world in 1885, it was received with enthusiasm and was eagerly studied by Western historians, some of whom were of more than the local type. It proved a rich field for comment and speculation, both sensible and inane, most of which in due time found its way into print. Although Miss Kellogg refers to the discussion provoked by the appearance of Radisson's journals, she does not give a single specific reference to it; nor does she even state briefly the varying conclusions reached by the commentators who have gone before. A student for the first time seriously approaching this fascinating subject would naturally expect to find a bibliographical hint or two. However, the names of Campbell, Sulte, Dionne, Upham, Brower, and Bryce, all of whom have written acceptably about the Western journeys of Radisson and Grosseilliers, are not mentioned. A single line would have sufficed for a reference to the very complete bibliography of the subject which accompanies Warren Upham's paper in the Minnesota Historical Society Collections (Vol. X, Part II, pp. 568-594).

This collection of classic Western narratives would, of course, be incomplete without Father Marquette's account of the Mississippi voyage of 1673. To the priest no credit should be given as an explorer. The famous voyage of exploration was due solely to three persons: Talon, whose fertile mind conceived the plan; the great governor of New France, Frontenac, who sanctioned it; and Louis Jolliet, who with vigor and determination carried it into execution.

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Marquette, the Jesuit, was in no sense responsible for its success. The journey was not missionary in character, but exploratory: it was to be rapid, with few stops. Influence found a place for the priest in the canoe. Perhaps he was useful as a paddler; but if the truth were known, he was probably not wanted. The accidental overturning of Jolliet's canoe on the return journey, resulting in the loss of the explorer's papers, made Marquette the historian of the expedition. The Jesuits had a modest way of claiming credit for all exploration in which they enacted a part, however small; and, if one may judge by Marquette's narrative, he was not less modest in this respect than his brothers. Fortunate in his death, he soon became enrolled with the martyrs. He has been eulogized as the discoverer of the Mississippi River by the pietistic historians from that time to the present. Even now the legend persists, and many otherwise intelligent persons rarely associate with that memorable event the name of the real leader. The Jesuit has been honored many times, the intrepid Jolliet scarcely at all. A scholar so discriminating as Miss Kellogg speaks of Marquette as "the discoverer, missionary, and martyr." He was in no true sense a discoverer; as for martyrdom, he suffered far less than some of his brethren whose names are now well-nigh forgotten. Moreover, he was not a great priest.

As Miss Kellogg's "Early Narratives of the Northwest" is the final volume of the series, a word of general criticism will not be out of place here. The American Historical Association did well to initiate this series of indispensable sources. It will long be resorted to by historical students with a sense of gratitude. Nevertheless, in carrying out the plan, the general editor, Dr. J. F. Jameson, has fallen short of what was easily possible with his splendid corps of scholars. The introductions and notes contributed by the individual editors are not always of sufficient fulness. Dr. Jameson seems to have held a rather tight rein, insisting upon brevity, and thereby at times sacrificing good standards. He distinctly preferred not to err on the side of fulness. If he had taken middle ground in this respect, the volumes would probably be of more lasting value. This free exercise of the editorial will has resulted, in some instances, in work of little permanent worth, on which the marks of haste are plainly discernible.

Notes

PUBLICATION of "The Lovers," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, is announced by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

"The Empty House" is published anonymously this week by the Macmillan Company.

The Bancroft Company announces as forthcoming "The Interlopers," by Griffing Bancroft.

"A Sailor's Log," "A Soldier's Diary," and "The Soldier's Baedeker of France" are announced for early publication by Moffat, Yard & Company.

The following are among forthcoming publications by E. P. Dutton & Company: "Helen of the Four Gates," by "An Ex-Mill Girl"; "Gone to Earth," by Mary Webb; "The England of Shakespeare," by P. H. Ditchfield; "A Student in Arms: Second Series," by Donald Hankey; a new edition of "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary," revised and edited by J. Longmuir; "The Problem of Human Peace," by Malcolm Quin; "The Joyful Years," by E. T. Wann; "The New Era in Canada," by various authors, and "Trench Warfare," by J. S. Smith.

"ON Falling in Love and Other Matters," by Alfred Turner, contains twenty-seven little gossips in, one is tempted to say, Mr. Francis Gribble's boudoir—in other words, a quantity of very small talk about the amours of Byron, Burns, Keats, Shelley, etc., together with bits of innocent chit-chat on sundry literary topics (Dutton & Co.). The frontispiece exhibits Lady Caroline Lamb in her page's costume. It is a good book for a somnolent lady resting her nerves in a hammock, with a box of bonbons underneath the bough.

THE Loeb Library (Putnam) gives us the second volume of W. R. Paton's elegant edition and translation of "The Greek Anthology." In this volume are included the Sepulchral Epigrams, the most interesting section of the collection, and it is pleasant to know that the editor is inclined to accept as genuine the beautiful poems attributed to Plato. The Epigrams of Saint Gregory fill out the book. Another volume in the Greek series gives us the romance of Achilles Tatius with a translation by S. Gaselee. The English of Mr. Gaselee is smooth and fluent, possibly a little too much so to represent the occasional abrupt movement of the original. But if this is a fault, it is certainly a venial one. In the part of the romance which we have compared, we have found one or two expressions of questionable accuracy. For instance, on page 7 is it correct to say, "They were rushing to the water's edge"? Is not the image rather that they were "standing at the water's edge"? Prof. Frank Justus Miller had already published a metrical translation of Seneca's Tragedies, and no better person could have been chosen to furnish the prose version for the Loeb edition, which now appears in two volumes. He repeats here the Comparative Analyses of the Tragedies and the Greek dramas on which they are based—a useful appendix. The notes to both the Seneca and the Achilles Tatius are commendably full and of a sort to make these authors easy reading for the unclassical.

IT is not Grace Abbott's facts, but her inferences, that will produce two opinions about her volume on "The Immigrant and the Community" (Century; $1.50 net). Her work at Hull House and elsewhere has given her a mass of first-hand information which alone is sufficient to make her pages valuable. Nor will a reader quarrel with her demand for better, far better protection of the alien who lands at Ellis Island and winds up anywhere between Boston and San Francisco. But one may have humane instincts and yet hesitate to espouse the cause of the immigrant as absolutely as Miss Abbott espouses it. The entire responsibility for the stranger within our gates she places squarely upon our shoulders. Perhaps, so long as we admit him, that position is arguable. But Miss Abbott will not allow us to lighten the burden by restricting immigration. We must admit all and sundry, and then take care of them. They do their part by coming here and accepting the opportunities we provide for them. The suggestion that we might discharge our duty towards them more properly by limiting the number to be looked after is cruel heresy. Our task is to be measured simply by what they make it. Yet it might be urged that the immigrant himself would profit by a slower infiltration, which would prevent the

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growth of the huge foreign colonies which have hindered as well as aided his advance, and have created a special problem for a democracy already pretty well loaded up. Miss Abbott will have it that the alien "does not create new problems that can be solved apart from the general problems of our community life." Being weak, economically and politically, he merely measures, and does not cause, our failure. This is skating over pretty thin logic, which is not strengthened by the explanation that an Italian in Chicago's notorious Nineteenth Ward may vote right on a question of municipal policy, but does not easily understand "why he should vote for John Smith and not for Sam Jones, when both are claiming to be the possessors of all political virtue and intelligence, and the latter is on the same ticket with the Italian notary public who, to the glory of Italy, is a candidate for the Legislature this year." It would be hard to state the peril of the voting immigrant more pointedly. Twenty years of Hull House have not sufficed to rescue the ward mentioned from the slimy grasp of John Powers. It is no reply to say that native Americans are no better than they should be. So far as this is true, we are obviously not ready to lift up others, especially in large numbers.

THERE are some books before which the reviewer recoils aghast, and of such is "The Hanbury Family," by A. Audrey Locke, published by Arthur L. Humphreys, of London. How shall he deal adequately with these two magnificent volumes, giving the genealogy of the various branches of a widely disseminated and much-hyphenated family from the probable ancestors of Hanbury, Worcestershire, in the twelfth century down to the living descendants? The reviewer frankly admits that he has not at command the means of verifying any but the least portion of the dates and names, nor can he find any thread of history or inheritance to theorize upon. Here is simply a typical Old English stock, running at this point into the peerage, and at another point descending to mere respectability. At one point it touches literature, in the person of Sir Charles Hanbury-Williams, the minor diplomatist and minor wit of the eighteenth century, known best for his scathing satire on the Earl of Bath. The volumes are illustrated handsomely with portraits of men and houses, and with facsimiles. The Rev. Canon Colman, rector of Hanbury, has contributed a chapter on The Parish of Hanbury, and the Rev. E. E. Dorling has supplied heraldic illustrations and notes. The author, Miss Locke, a graduate of Somerville College, Oxford, and one of the staff of the "Victoria County History," died in 1916, after seeing the work through the press. She was the author of "A History of the Seymour Family" and "In Praise of Winchester: An Anthology." The price of the present work is ten pounds ten shillings; the edition is limited to 250 copies.

FOUR addresses by John Scott Haldane, forming the 1915 Silliman Lectures of Yale University, are published by the Yale University Press under the title "Organism and Environment as Illustrated by the Physiology of Breathing" ($1.25 net). They are all of dynamic interest, but from two very distinct points of view. The first three are predominantly physiological and technical rather than popular. They relate to the regulation of breathing, readjustments in acclimatization and disease, and regulation of the internal and external environment. The major theme is the regulation of oxygen and carbon dioxide in the lung alveoli under varying conditions of environment. The fourth lecture deals with "Organic Regulation as the Essence of Life and the Inadequacy of Mechanistic and Vitalistic Conceptions." This is of superlative interest, and is a masterly application of the facts of physiology to the modern theories of life. Point by point the fallacy of mechanism is demonstrated, while there is clearly indicated the importance of the nervous activities in regulating the stream of material and energy flowing through the organism. Then follows the logical statement: "The environment determines the nervous reactions, and the nervous reactions the environment, but the constancy or regulation which emerges is still unexplained." Dr. Haldane argues that it is the very conceptions of matter and energy, of physical and chemical structure, that are at fault. With regard to life, he considers that we are in the presence of phenomena in the case of which these conceptions fail us. With equal emphasis he rejects the vitalistic theory. The spectre of vitalism "is nothing but the shadow cast by the mechanistic theory itself —a shadow which has only become and could only become deeper the longer the mechanistic theory has lasted." It is only fair to the author to quote his summing-up paragraph in full, so delicately stated is his position. "The facts of biology lead to the conclusion that the physical and chemical interpretation of the world is fundamentally imperfect, however useful it may be. The biological interpretation is itself similarly imperfect in view of the facts relating to conscious personality. But when we regard the natural world, as it seems to me we ought and must, not as something completely interpreted in the light of existing theory, but as an imperfect interpretation which is the expression of countless centuries of human effort, the natural world becomes part of the world of duty and knowledge. Natural science and its applications are the rough-hewing in the spiritual world, and the fundamental conceptions of each of the natural sciences are the tools, fashioned by human endeavor, with which this rough-hewing is done. Scientific results are in themselves only incomplete and abstract presentations of reality, just as the stones are not part of the building till they are dressed and fitted into place." This is a conclusion full of interest and worthy of profound contemplation. It avoids the pitfall of metaphysics, and expresses as clearly as may be the honest conviction of a technical scientist, who yet has sufficient perspective to ponder the problem of life from all human points of view.

ONE of the recent publications of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. is "Douris and the Painters of Greek Vases," by Edmond Pottier, translated by Bettina Kahnweiler, with a preface by Jane E. Harrison ($2.50 net). With the exception of the title page, the book exhibits no changes from the edition issued by John Murray in 1909, but it can be heartily recommended to those who do not already know it as an excellent introduction to a fascinating subject, written by a scholar of high standing in the semi-popular style for which French writers are justly famous.

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS has collected in "Figures of Several Centuries" twenty-three essays well adapted to exhibit his vagrant curiosity and his flexible sympathies (Dutton; $3 net). A disciple of Walter Pater, he seeks here to burn with a "hard gem-like flame" before a series of authors, including Saint Augustine, Lamb, Villon,

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Donne, Flaubert, Meredith, Swinburne, Ibsen, Huysmans, Baudelaire, Pater, the Goncourts, and Saronjini Naidu. The result of Mr. Symons's critical illuminations it is rather difficult to define. He attempts no historical elucidation or reconstruction: the delicately executed portrait of his Saint Augustine, for example, impresses one as done from the life no less than the portrait of Huysmans. To Mr. Symons all interesting souls are contemporaries; their historical vesture and circumstances are irrelevant. He seldom offers any moral praise or condemnation: he is equally pleased by the piety of John Donne and by Baudelaire's "ecstasy of evil." He sets up no fixed standards of literary form: he relishes alike the clear and explicit meanings of Thomas Hardy and the cloudy suggestiveness of Mallarmé. Living from unrelated moment to unrelated moment, he values above everything else intensity and originality of feeling. Next to that he prizes technique. For Mr. Symons, poignant sensation artfully expressed is poetry—and all the rest is mere "literature." His most unsympathetic essay treats of Ibsen, whose technical mastery, he holds, was wasted in arid fields of experience and on the humdrum substance of prose. His most elaborate study is of the metrical accomplishments of Swinburne. The most subtle, penetrating, and intimate deals with John Donne, whose biting sensuality and freshly edged diction and mordant piety produce in him that heightening of self-consciousness which, according to his principles, is a step towards the supreme good—whether it is a step through religious devotions or through the sins of the flesh. The essay on Charles Lamb is full of fine things like this: "Kindness, in him, embraces mankind, not with the wide engulfing arms of philanthropy, but with an individual caress." The appreciations of Mr. Symons abound in discriminating individual caresses bestowed now upon Lamb for his sweet humanity and now upon Baudelaire for his scrupulous cultivation of hysteria. This distribution of favors betokens less the equity of a critic than the impartiality of a hard gem-like flame.

EDITED by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, "Modern Insurance Problems" is a moderate-sized volume of essays in which well-known authorities treat of selected topics within the fields of life, fire, accident, health, and workmen's compensation insurance. Among the writers are insurance officials occupying executive positions and academic teachers, and the essays will appeal to the insurance executive or agent, the business man, and the general reader. Thus, among the matters considered within the field of life insurance are income policies, life annuities, insurance of sub-standard lives, group or business insurance, and the mutualization of life companies. The four important topics treated under fire insurance are American fire waste and its prevention, rate-making organizations, the problems of rate-making, and the insurance of the catastrophe hazard. Under accident and workmen's compensation insurance, we find treated the disability policy, accident prevention, methods of insuring workmen's compensation, the calculation of premium rates, the practice of schedule and experience rating for workmen's compensation risks, compensation administration and adjustments, and public supervision. In view of the present interest in workmen's compensation insurance, this last section is probably the one which will appeal to the widest range of readers.

PUTNAMS "present" a translation of a French commentary on the "Golden Verses" of Pythagoras, which the translator, Miss Nayán Louise Redfield, dedicates "To the Travellers Who Have Turned Their Faces to the Dawn" in order that she may illuminate twentieth-century America with "the light which came from the illimitable mind of Fabre d'Olivet." This illimitable mind was a fluent eighteenth-century French littérateur and autodidact who received his Pythagorean initiation in Germany, and by private study during the French Revolution amassed a "disconcerting erudition." The scraps of this stealthy feast of languages gave him a severe intellectual indigestion and made him capable, along with other etymologies of like force, of deriving the Greek drama from Rama common to the Hebrew and the Sanskrit epic, by the adjunction in the Phœnician form of the word of the demonstrative article d'. This prepares us for the revelation that the skeptical acatalepsy is derived from the verb kaluprein (*sic*) to cover with a veil. With this incongruous erudition he enriched the footnotes of the translation of Pythagoras's "Golden Verses" in eumolpique measure with introduction and commentary which he dedicated in 1813 to the section of literature of the Imperial Institute of France. The reviewer does not know what the Institute thought of this performance. But twenty years of war and revolution and the interruption of higher education had at that time reduced French scholarship and criticism to the lowest point. Let us hope that the republication of the book in the America of 1917 is not ominous. Our precarious civilization subsists at one year's remove from starvation, and is

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divided only by the training of a single generation from the complete collapse of culture and critical scholarship.

FOR the rest, the "Golden Verses" of Pythagoras are about seventy lines of eminently respectable Greek hexameters preserved in the commentary upon them of the fifth-century neo-Platonic philosopher Hierocles. They are an edifying compendium of Greek philosophic ethics, the precise date of which is debatable, but which certainly does not emanate from Pythagoras. The association of sensible moral precepts with apocalyptic gospels of mysticism is not surprising from the point of view either of psychology or of policy. A volume of the amazing "Publications Cosmiques" of Algeria and Paris concludes with a quite unexceptionable formulation of ethical principles. The commentary based upon Hierocles and a long list of successors merely repeats the old topics, familiar to every student of the inner, mystic, Pythagorean, or neo-Platonic tradition, of the allegorizing and spiritual interpretation of literature that runs from Alexandria to Concord, Jacksonville, and Osceola. The only value of the book is as a document in the history of this tradition and a contribution to our knowledge of a forgotten minor French author. For that the typesetting labor and the paper that would defray two numbers of the *American Journal of Philology* are too high a price to pay. Even those who know better can rarely forbear a popular jibe at the dryasdust doctoral dissertation. But how infinitely more worth while would have been a serious critical dissertation of fifty or a hundred pages on the personality and work of Fabre d'Olivet and his place in the literary tradition of which he is so curious an exemplar. The translator writes smoothly and seems to know French. Misprints, though frequent and sometimes grotesque, are less numerous than we expect them to be in these curiosities of literature.

THE author of "Blast Furnace Construction," J. E. Johnson, jr. (McGraw Hill Book Co.), has been a student of the blast furnace on both the theoretical and the practical side for a number of years, and has given to the furnaceman many valuable and instructive papers bearing on the operation and control of this most complex of all metallurgical processes. The present volume deals fully with the construction of the furnace proper, from an early date up to the present time, and considers in detail all the adjuncts that play an important part in the production of pig iron. There seems to be nothing of importance upon which Mr. Johnson has not touched, from the laying of the foundation to the last detail in the completion of a modern blast furnace. The author is to be congratulated on giving the results of his investigations and study to the general public, and particularly to beginners. His main object has been to produce an historical record of the various steps in the development of the modern furnace for the use and guidance of the present as well as the coming generation, and his book will be indispensable as a work of reference in every metallurgical establishment in the country. We shall await with interest the publication of the companion volume which is promised, dealing with the operating principles and products of the blast furnace.

A GOOD example of the way in which the romance of archæology may be used to supplement and vivify the elementary classics is seen in Edgar J. Banks's "The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World" (Putnam; $1.50 net). The simple, brisk narrative always respects the interest and intelligence of the juvenile reader, without any suspicion of a too self-conscious tutelage: indeed, the book should prove interesting to adults as well. And this method is all the more praiseworthy in an archæologist, whose science, especially in the Egyptian and Babylonian fields, has firmly intrenched itself behind a sort of technical offishness. Thus Mr. Banks includes all the latest available data, such as that derived from the German excavations at Babylon, to offset the mass of tedious legend of which the subject-matter is so fruitful. Having established this *rapport* with his readers, the author's page should prove a happy lure for young thumbs calloused by lexicons and mythologies.

Notes from the Capital

Emma Goldman

RECENT events in Petrograd and Kronstadt must have brought rare comfort to the soul of Emma Goldman, prophetess of anarchy—the real article, warranted one hundred per cent. pure, name stamped on every package. Born in Russia and educated in Germany, she enjoyed during her girlhood exceptional opportunities for studying autocracy of various brands, and apparently conceived the stronger liking for the Russian sort, as offering the widest scope for fomenting rebellion. In the United States, whither she came with relatives as a young woman, she first emerged from obscurity in 1893, when she was arrested on a charge of inciting to riot by a speech made at a gathering of habitual malcontents in Union Square, New York. The judge who presided at her trial stretched consideration to the utmost limit in giving her the advantage of every favoring technicality, but the case was so clear that the jury was unanimous on the first ballot for conviction, and she was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

The trial served to bring out in a most illuminating way her vagaries on various subjects, including the facts that she was an atheist and a disbeliever in all government and law, divine or human; that her pet hobby was that the rich are the oppressors of the poor and the ultimate cause of all the suffering and crime in the world, against which the poor are justified in revolting; that she did not personally believe in violence or robbery except where necessary, and that she would leave the question of necessity to every one's individual judgment, not even using her influence to prevent pillage; that she was married, though to whom was nobody's business but her own; that she had been living with Alexander Berkman shortly before his attempt to assassinate Henry C. Frick, and, though she had not publicly approved of that act, she "sympathized with Mr. Berkman for his courage"—whatever that may have meant; and that her mission in life was to make the poor understand that the well-to-do are accountable for their poverty, and thus to promote the social revolution. The proceedings in court were handled, like those in the case of Guiteau in Washington a dozen years before, so as to let the accused give free vent to her craving for self-exploitation, and thus show every one exactly what she was.

Since quitting the penitentiary she has been arrested repeatedly, but—thanks to the benignity of the laws she

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denounces and the impartiality of the courts she derides—with no results more permanent than follow the spasmodic warfare of the householder upon flies and roaches: with every relaxation she has returned to her rantings, refreshed in body and spirit by her brief rest. Snubs such as she received when she attended, uninvited, a meeting of striking garment-makers and they refused to let her address them, seem to leave no scars on her egotism; but this is scarcely wonderful when a Congregational minister in one city turns over his church to her to lecture in and a Society of Mayflower Descendants in another makes her its chief guest at a reception. An incident which did disturb her composure for a while was a threatened prosecution, in 1901, for advising the assassination of President McKinley. Czolgosz had confessed that it was her teachings which had fired his brain with the idea of killing the President, and she admitted that he had attended one of her lectures and been so impressed by it that he had hunted her up afterward to make her acquaintance. She was released presently, however, because there was no direct proof that she had been a conscious party to any plot actually to murder the man whom she reviled, while he lay on his dying bed, as "the most insignificant ruler the country ever had," with "neither wit nor intelligence."

Most newspaper readers are so accustomed to thinking of Emma Goldman as simply a human firebrand that it is hard to make them realize that by calling she is a dressmaker and a trained nurse. She is a small, wiry woman, about fifty years old, who might be passed anywhere in a crowd without notice. Her sharp black eyes, intense expression, and rather coarse mouth have nothing distinctive about them at the first glance, though they become more significant with familiarity, and her eyeglasses, framed in part by sharply marked brows, give her an air of active mentality which is lacking in some others of her general type. Her face is too symmetrical to be classed as that of a natural "crank," but you have only to talk with her for five minutes in order to discover how strong an appeal the theatrical side of social chaos makes to her. Smiles she reserves mostly for sneering purposes; but once her sense of humor was touched so unexpectedly that she had to control her laughter, though the blood mounted to her forehead in tell-tale fashion. This was when, after delivering a diatribe on the way poverty drove men to crime, she became deeply interested in the case of a man arrested for petty larceny. He looked like a chronic down-and-outer, and the complaint against him was that he had robbed a poor woman of her purse containing twenty-five cents. His defence was that he needed the money to get a night's lodging. Questions drew from him the statement that a bed cost him ten or fifteen cents a night. Miss Goldman was bending forward, her eyes burning, her mouth fixed: here was an exhibit worth having of what poverty would drive a man to—an illustration perfectly fitted to the gospel she had just been promulgating. Then the prosecutor sprang a surprise. Producing the contents found in the prisoner's pocket, he spread before the jury a handful of change.

"What did you want of this poor woman's quarter when you had all this money already?" he demanded. The fellow looked contemptuous.

"It was only seventy-eight cents!" he blurted out.

That ended the case for the court. It ceased also to interest Miss Goldman as an illustration direct from life.

TATTLER

The Royal Academy

ORPEN has always the saving grace of seeming interested in what he is doing, though one may not always accept the way he does it, or share his interest. But whether one approves or no, the fact that he himself is being amused and absorbed gives life to his work and forces one to look at it, to think about it. His six portraits are as successful now in breaking the Academic monotony as Sargent's were of old. Like Sargent's, they have the virility of all painting by an artist who paints because he enjoys it; like Sargent's, they are infinitely more skilful than anything else in the exhibition, and again like Sargent's, their tendency is to exaggerate character into caricature and catch the eye by over-emphasis. In none is this emphasis so marked, and moreover so out of place, as in his half-length of Lord Bryce, for whose usually pale and colorless cheeks he has borrowed the violent red of the old-time bus driver or publican. Winston Churchill, at his hands, is transformed into the statesman of the stage, a melodramatic furrow between the eyes, a histrionic hand upon the hip, all but leaping out upon the world from the enveloping shadows. In Colonel Elkington's face he has searched less for the lines dug into it by the cares and thought and responsibilities of the leader, the commander, than for the lines in which he saw an amusing pattern when balanced by those of the curtain drawn in rigid angles on either side in the background. His Lady Bonham Carter defies the no longer disputed axiom that a figure should keep its place well within the frame, for her head stands out defiantly as if to insist on the painter's clever trick of lighting, and her gown, with its dark blue and gold sleeves and loose, soft blue vest, is not so much a characteristic part of the woman inside it as a delightful excuse for the display of the painter's tremendous dexterity in the rendering of textures. And yet, for all their overemphasis, for all their false accents, their technical fireworks, there is not one of these portraits that does not claim and hold attention, that does not entertain, that does not stimulate and excite; while I have learned before this, on coming face to face with his sitters after first seeing their portraits, that what I fancied exaggeration in his rendering of character or dress can sometimes be really excess of realism, the question is, however, if they do not excite and stimulate too much. The great masters have spared us not a jot of the character of their sitters, but they expressed it with that fine serenity inseparable from the greatest art. We never stop to ask if it is character or caricature in the Philip of Velasquez, the Saskia of Rembrandt.

So long as I was in the Academy, I confess it never occurred to me to find fault with the touch of excitement Orpen contributes to its walls, so grateful was I for any diversion. The other portraits are so sadly characterless and inert that the grossest caricature would be an agreeable exchange. Greiffenhagen, whose portraits have often had a delicate decorative value, apparently begins to droop under the Academic mantle as if over-conscious of what is expected of the member of an institution in which the standard of portrait painting is set by Dicksee and Ouless and Solomon, and he has relapsed frankly into commonplace. Glyn Philpot, once the hope of the younger Internationals, appears equally oppressed by his recent Academic honors, though he struggles against the oppression by a bold bid

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for sensationalism, and a successful bid for his Young Breton, a brutal figure in black shirt and black knee-breeches, violently silhouetted against a gray background, has startled the Trustees into buying it for the Chantrey Collection. C. H. Shannon, another of the newer Associates, also struggles, but in his case the bid is for masculinity. He shows this year portraits only of men, among them one of Charles Ricketts, with red-rimmed eyes and red beard, posing as The Man with a Greek Vase, and all so lifeless and labored that I sympathized with the old Frenchman who, standing before the Ricketts and overconfident that no English-speaking people can understand French, told his companion that "les Anglais sont malades tous"! George Henry long since succumbed, exchanging the vivacity that stirred the critics in the late Grosvenor Gallery days for a sheen and shimmer more pleasing to the fashionable world. Edward Stott's palette grows feebler and feebler, and his Patriarch, presumably a portrait, threatens to sink into the canvas and vanish through sheer inanition.

Lavery's ladies this year do not even advertise the new modes with their accustomed smartness. Indeed, he has transferred his accomplished manipulation of millinery to where it would be least expected: a large triptych called The Madonna of the Lakes, for which there seems no reason whatever. The Madonna is arrayed in voluminous, wide-spreading golden draperies which fill the central panel. A youth kneels in the panel to the left, a maiden in the panel to the right, and, from the halo worn by each and the devotional pose assumed by both, one gathers that they are saints, worshipping. Behind, a strip of water, backed by mountains, stretches across the three panels. If the painting has a religious meaning, the painter has carefully lost or hidden it in the elaboration of the golden draperies upon which he has chosen to lavish and concentrate his cleverness. The Madonna has no more individuality than the milliner's mannequin, her presence by the lakeside is no more suggestive than the tourist's, and clever brushwork and pleasant color cannot atone for the lack of sincerity. It is no reproach to Lavery to say that he has not the religious vision, but, not having it, the regret is he should squander his unmistakable ability upon themes that as unmistakably do not belong to him. He is much more at home, if not much more emotional, in the hospitals and airships he has recently been painting than in rivalling masters who painted religious subjects because they were what the people—what the church, then the best art patron—wanted.

But the people ask nothing of art to-day, the church has no legitimate successor as art-patron, and who can wonder that artists stray restlessly from subject to subject? Clausen, like Lavery, turned to war in the beginning, differing from Lavery by seeking allegory in it. But his concern was obviously a concession and, war not having since made any claim upon art, he has returned to his studies of the nude, to his London rooftops in winter, to his barns, to "la poésie des Anglais," the phrase of the same old Frenchman as he passed from Shannon to Clausen, and from Clausen to Stott, who, in none of his paintings this year, can emerge from the mist, the vagueness which is his substitute for poetry. The mother and children of his Holy Family, a modernized Raphaël in the grouping of the three figures and the placing of the trees in the landscape background, are as unsubstantial as air, and far removed from a world shaken and quivering with the clang and clatter and strong passions of war. His art, at first true in its tenderness, has become so effeminate and artificial that it hurts now that men and women of real flesh and blood are heavy-laden with the too solid burden of tragedy. Charles Sims, on the other hand, seems conscious that this is no time for romantic adventures in the Land of Fancy, and he has neglected his fawns and pretty wanderers to try and weave with his brush a little fantasy of war. On a small oval canvas he has painted a wounded Tommy, in hospital blue, leaning against posts that take the form of the cross, and, gathered round him a group so indifferent to, so unconscious of, his presence there, that the picture leaves one as indifferent as they. The meaning of the allegory, if it is an allegory, is as hard to find as the meaning of Lavery's Madonna, and evidently allegory based on fact is as little Sims's province as religion is Lavery's.

Of the other subject pictures, or decorative designs, few, if any, are of note unless I except Anning Bell's Midsummer Night's Dream, arranged with his usual sense of filling a given wall space but limited power of varying his decorative motive, and Strang's Youth and Age, notable because it shows the depth of banality to which a capable painter may drop when he is determined to draw upon the imagination he does not possess—an angel with outstretched red wings, flanked on one side by a youth in a black coat and top hat, on the other by an old gray-bearded man in a green dressing gown, would make a more appropriate design for a poster than a serious picture, especially when all three are painted with the crudeness of color Strang trusts to time to mellow for him.

It is only in turning to the landscapes that the vivid note struck by Orpen is repeated by Arnesby Brown. His Cattle in June stand in the foreground of a brilliant countryside richly variegated by the play of light and shadow under a vigorous cloud-swept sky. The effect probably is due not so much to Nature as to the painter's architectural treatment of both the sky and the pastures below—he builds up his landscape; but however artificial the treatment may be, he gives as the result a strong and splendid impression of Nature in one of her most luxurious moods.

After this I came upon nothing in the wilderness of Academic landscape to arrest me until, in a far room, I reached Adrian Stokes's Promise of May: just a small study of fruit trees blossoming in a meadow of buttercups, with the blue of mountains afar showing below the branches, but gay and tender and fresh as spring itself. Another exception is D. Y. Cameron's Spring in Strathearn, its interest depending not so much on his rendering of the season's beauty as on the fact that it is the one picture in the Academy revealing the slightest trace of Post-Impressionist influence: a surprise from Cameron, who has threatened of late to degenerate into an entirely Academic painter.

The same lassitude is felt in the Water-Color Room and the Black-and-White Room. Definite commissions might have been looked to for an improvement in the Sculpture Rooms. But the sculptors who designed the tombs in St. Paul's, at which it is the habit of the present generation to laugh, were giants of originality compared to the sculptors of to-day, to whom so far the commemoration in marble and bronze of the war and its heroes has fallen; even Kitchener in the Academy degenerates into a barber's dummy. Altogether the one emotion roused by the exhibition is the increasing wonder that life, intense as it is at this moment and as it has not been for centuries, should have failed so signally to intensify the vision, kindle the passion, and

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quicken the hands of artists from whom we have a right to expect a record as intense. Only one or two—and they are not now at the Academy—have risen to the occasion and, in their drawings, succeeded in expressing the beauty and majesty that help us a little to forget the hideousness and squalor of war. It may be that the very intensity overwhelms the artist whatever his medium. For it is not solely in the Academy and the galleries that one continues to be amazed by this lassitude, this indifference. If the great war picture has not been painted nor the great war monument designed, neither has the great war drama been written nor the great war song sung, and the war is almost three years old. N. N.

London, May 30

Novel Music in Paris

THE music of the near future, when easy tunes will be needed to rest the nerves worn out by war, is not yet heard. The few signs which can be gathered from the limited musical exhibitions of the season are negative rather than otherwise. One thing is certain—the music of the coming generation will not be that which the applied science of critics proved it should be.

There has, of course, been a deliberate, factitious, artificial, patriotic effort to give as much music by French composers as possible. The result is mixed. Saint-Saëns already had all the chance which any composer can desire—and he was as popular in Berlin as in Paris. War feeling has not pushed him up a single degree. Gounod, like Longfellow's poetry, could not soothe and comfort common mortals more than he was already doing—and he too is in the *status quo ante*. Debussy, Dukas, and Ravel with embroidery and no rhythm, and others who are rapidly no longer young, are in the same box. Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" has had a mild resurrection, well merited. Concerts have perhaps given more than the usual heavy proportion of César Franck and Vincent d'Indy. And those who are capable of surprise wake up now and then at the sound of something they did not know was in Berlioz. Even patriotism has not been able to force into the people's Eustachian tubes the chunks of Zola, realized like his literature acoustically, by Alfred Bruneau. Of all these—and of many others who are less spoken of, but whose works will be plundered in years to come for the amusement of foreigners, even Germans—it may be said they have had their day. Not in them is heard the travail and tuneful groaning of the music of the future.

Wagner was already waning from the exclusiveness of *snobisme;* Beethoven can no more have a revival than Homer; and those who confess to a liking for Rossini now simply did not dare to say so before. Meyerbeer seems hopelessly dead. It is not through grand opera that summer is coming in.

Pontiffs still lingering by shrines less and less frequented may cry out at so philistine a prospect. At least one melodious voice will prevent their loudest criticism being heard. If there is one clear sign in all this musical drifting, it is that Mozart is coming into his own again. He is not identified with a race or empire or, worse still, with a schoolmastering philosophy—and his music is good as it sounds. It will probably be more scandalous—but it is true—to note that Donizetti is coming back also. The baritone Battistini, who has not been in America, I believe, but who is like an ancestor with his *bel canto*, chimed in with this everlasting return. Italian music, as our grandmothers knew it, is bound to return whenever ears ask from music pleasure unmixed with mental problems.

This scarcely extends to Puccini, whose "Rondine" gave no sign of summer. Music that has been graduated up from the music hall will no doubt keep its place, but not more. The Russian Ballet season has proved significant of this. With all the Alliance, it was a bold venture during war. It had, relatively, not the success of before the war. But a very clever diversion was made, by the way—an effort to swing back to the traditional art of France, where exoticism slightly bores at its best.

The "Meninas"—a picture of Velazquez set to music like itself, a *pavane* ceremonious and sweetly sad by Gabriel Fauré—was chosen. It was bound to be Latin and decorative. The Spanish painter Sert saw to the costumes—gold and silver brocaded silks and pink and violet velvets, gowns like cages and curled perruques with plumes and pearls. Carlo Socrate did the scenery wherein the Infanta's maids of honor meet their caballeros in the moonlit garden—and Miassine, master of Russian ballet, did his best at the older, the classic art. A breathless, supposedly humorous break into the new, which he mixed with it, made Parisians as uncomfortable as it would surely have made the Infanta. When Frenchmen hear those strains which Wagner noted in his music as jokes, they strive to catch esoteric philosophy.

This was very evident in a ballet interlude—"La Parade"—of Cubist intentions in music and costume and action. It was not exotic, it was painfully elaborated—whether to bring out some occult human essence of Cubism, if it has any, I know not—and as new art it failed utterly. There was the pleasure of the unexpected, a little like that of ragtime minstrels long unseen and heard. Its effect was not equal to that of the sentimental garden scene in Gillette's "Secret Service," which excited Parisian hilarity twenty years ago. The transplantation of emotions is hard—if Cubism has an emotion.

The same sign of the times was plain in another diversion—a ballet from Goldoni's *commedia buffa* of "Good-Humored Women," with the old clavecin music of Scarlatti, arranged and orchestrated very Italianately by Tomasini. Here as clever an artist as Bakst failed by setting his delightful costumes, which were in the key, against scenery whose lines were supposed to be seen through a crystal ball. The houses seemed tumbling down—that was all. Perhaps it is Latin to design and speak and sing out clearly—without sonorous generalities and what French call "vagueness in the soul."

I see that I have prognosticated a return of French music and taste to its past traditions on the strength of Mozart and Italian opera and the Russian troupe succeeding when it catches the Italian or Spanish air. But is not this the same as to say that the French are going back spontaneously to their national taste which formed the rest of Europe? A Paris dressmaker's girl—one who has been striking—described a gown as "sixteenth century." "You mean Louis Sixteenth," said her neighbor. "It's the same thing," she said. STODDARD DEWEY

Paris, June 9

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THROUGHOUT the campaign for the placing of the two-billion-dollar Government loan the discussion was frequently raised as to whether the bonds would or would not sell at higher prices after the war. The temporary declines on the Stock Exchange brought the question of price movement during the war more prominently forward; but the after-war movement is probably still considered more important by the mass of investors. As always with such issues, much will necessarily depend upon the length of the war and upon its varying fortunes—two factors which cannot be predicted. But the present circumstances are special. The bonds are convertible at par into any subsequent issues at a higher rate of interest. One cannot say what the course of the bonds will be without a knowledge of just what interest rates will be successively fixed.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that in the past the courses of prices of bonds issued during war-time by leading nations have followed a strikingly uniform course. They have often fallen during the period of the war; they have often gone to discouraging low levels; but shortly after the restoration of peace they have in the vast majority of instances sold at a premium over their price of issue, and at a remarkable advance over their lowest price during hostilities.

In our own Spanish conflict, the nearest precedent we have, the scant $200,000,000 of ten-twenty year 3 per cent. bonds, seven times oversubscribed, never fell below the issue price of par. They were bid for at once at 102½ on the curb, rose to 104¼ on the Stock Exchange the same week, and went to 105 a few weeks after. Less than two years later, they had risen as high as 112¼. But that was a short and successful war; the amount of Government securities created was trifling.

The bond issues of the Civil War are more justly comparable. The 6s of 1881, $20,000,000 of which were issued at an average price of 89, sold in April, 1861, the opening month of the war, between 84½ and 94. They advanced steadily throughout the war. In 1862 the range was between 87½ and 107½; in 1863 between 91¾ and 110¾;

(*Continued on next page.*)

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(*Continued from preceding page.*)

in 1864 between 102 and 118, and in 1865 between 103½ and 112⅜. The price of 112⅜ was reached in January. The war did not end until April. In that month the bonds sold at 110⅜; similar prices were touched in the two succeeding months; but the bonds declined, and did not again reach that price until June of the following year. In 1866 the bonds sold as high as 114¾; in 1868, at 118⅛; in 1869, at 125, and in 1876, at 128¾. The 5-20s of 1862 followed a somewhat similar course. Their range was between 100½ and 113 in 1864; between 99¼ and 112 in 1865 (the higher figure in February, and the lower in November, seven months after the end of the war). But in the following year the price fluctuated between 107 and 113½; in 1867 the bonds sold as high as 115¼, and in 1869 at 125¼.

Yet these prices, after all, do not tell the story. The real measure of the Government's credit was in the interest it had to pay. All the Civil War loans, save the 6s of 1881, were placed at par in currency. The average nominal interest paid by the Government on its bonds during the war period was almost exactly 6 per cent. But the bonds were paid for in currency; interest was paid in gold. The average gold value of United States notes in 1862 was 88.3 per cent.; actual interest was therefore about 6¾ per cent. In 1863 the value of the currency dollar fell to 68.9 per cent.; the interest rate became 8¾ per cent. In 1864 the average value of the notes fell to 49.2 per cent., so that the actual interest rate was about 12 per cent. At one time during the year the gold value of the notes was 38.7 per cent. At this valuation the real interest being paid by the Government was about 15½ per cent.

In 1865 the average value of the notes brought the interest rate down to 9½ per cent.; in the three following years it was 8⅜ per cent. Through refunding operations up to and including 1879 there were paid off $1,400,000,000 of bonds bearing interest at 5 and 6 per cent. For this purpose there were sold at par in coin $500,000,000 5s, $185,000,000 4½s, and $710,000,000 4s. In 1880 the credit of the Government, which had stood at 15½ per cent. during the height of the war, had fallen to a 3¼ per cent. basis.

But, it may be said, it was not difficult for these bonds and those of 1898 to go to a premium after the war, for the European nations were ready to take them. There was external purchasing power undiminished. Now the whole world is at war; there will be no unexhausted neutrals of importance to buy our bonds afterward.

The best comparison here is with the Napoleonic wars. They ended with a world "exhausted." France declared war on Great Britain in 1793. In the year before, British consols sold at 97. They were not to reach that price again for thirty years. In 1793 they fell to 70½. The decline steadily continued. In 1797, when the Bank of England suspended cash payments, consols fell to 47½, and the following year to 47¼, their lowest price. Then some improvement set in, but it was not great. The bonds got as high as 79 in 1802; in 1815, the last year of war, they were 65¾. In 1817 they were quoted at 84¼; in 1824 they were 97. In 1844 they crossed par to 101⅜.

It is not to be inferred that such advances after wars have been invariable. There have been important exceptions. It is interesting to note that the wars mentioned have been followed by periods of prosperity and great industrial development. After the Napoleonic wars this amounted almost to an industrial revolution. Whether the "speeding up" and the scrapping of old machinery and methods which we have witnessed in Europe in the last two years will have permanent results and prove a stimulus to still further industrial progress remains to be seen.

COMPLAINT by the German newspapers that wicked American bankers are responsible for the decline in the value of the German mark in the outside world is perhaps no more surprising than the disposition of our own newspapers to ascribe any mysterious or unpleasant event to "German influences." The depreciation of Germany's currency, however, as measured in the foreign exchange markets, although no doubt unpleasant, is certainly not mysterious. When the very absurd theory is advanced that "the Morgans" have been "dumping German securities on neutral markets"—as if the fiscal agents of the Allies had been buying German bonds since 1914, or would have waited until now to sell them, if they had bought them—it only means that the German financial and journalistic mind is unwilling to face the truth.

THE value of German currency, as measured in the present bid of neutral markets for drafts on Berlin, payable there in German paper, stands by the last quotation 47½ per cent. under parity. Compared with the similar measurement of other currencies, Germany's paper is now worse depreciated than that of any other important nation; with the two exceptions of Austria, whose financial condition is known to be nearly ruinous, and whose currency rules at a discount of 60 per cent. or more on neutral markets, and Russia, whose political and economic disorganization has brought the ruble down to a discount of 55⅜ per cent. In all three countries, political considerations have undoubtedly had a hand in the depreciation of the currencies; but paper inflation must have been the main influence. Inflation is probably worst in Russia, though Austria's refusal, since the war began, to publish any figures, has its own implications. But the German Reichsbank's notes, not now redeemable in gold, have risen to $2,056,000,000, as against $1,659,000,000 and $1,311,000,000, respectively, one and two years ago, and $394,000,000 when the war began.

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Chekhov, A. The Lady with the Dog, and Other Stories. Translated by C. Garnett. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Hudson, C. B. The Royal Outlaw. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Kester, P. His Own Country. Bobbs-Merrill.
Penny, F. E. A Love Tangle. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Phillpotts, E. The Banks of Colne. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Thomas, J. Red Roses. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Shakespeare Dictionary. Part I: Julius Cæsar. Privately printed.
Beaufort, J. M. de. Behind the German Veil. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Bogen, B. D. Jewish Philanthropy. Macmillan. $2 net.
Chevrillon, A. England and the War. Preface by R. Kipling. Doubleday, Page. $1.60 net.
Church Advertising: Its Why and How. Arranged by W. B. Ashley. Lippincott. $1 net.

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Novikoff, O. Russian Memories. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Noxon, F. W. Are We Capable of Self-Government? Harper. $1.50 net.
Palmer, F. With Our Faces in the Light. Dodd, Mead. 50 cents net.
Pennell, E. R. The Lovers. Lippincott. $1 net.
Pintner, R., and Patterson, D. G. Appleton. $2 net.
Robinson, H. P. The Turning Point: The Battle of the Somme. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
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Skinnider, M. Doing My Bit for Ireland. Century. $1 net.
Smith, J. S. Trench Warfare. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Souiny, Baroness. Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow. Century. $2 net.
Spring, L. W. A History of Williams College. Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Stern, E. G. My Mother and I. Macmillan. $1 net.
Stratton-Porter, G. Friends in Feathers. Doubleday, Page. $3.50 net.
Tagore, R. Personality. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Victor Chapman's Letters from France. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
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RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Coomaraswamy, A. Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism. Putnam. $3.75 net.
Hodges, G. Religion in a World at War. Macmillan. $1 net.
Jones, E. D. Fairhope: The Annals of a Country Church. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
MacKenna, R. W. The Adventure of Death. Putnam.
Margolis, M. L. The Story of Bible Translations. Jewish Publication Society of America.
Marvin, W. T. The History of European Philosophy. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Anderson, B. M. The Value of Money. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Riddell, W. R. The Constitution of Canada in Its History and Practical Working. Yale University Press. $1.25 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Hyde, W. deW. The Best Man I Know. Macmillan. 50 cents.
Malish, J. M. Franklin Spencer Spalding: Man and Bishop. Macmillan. $2.25.
Maule, H. E. Selma Lagerlöf: The Woman, Her Work and Her Message. Doubleday, Page.
Pyle, J. G. The Life of James J. Hill. 2 vols. Doubleday, Page. $5 net.

POETRY

Contemporary Flemish Poetry. Selected and translated by J. Bithell. London: The Walter Scott Pub. Co., Ltd. 1s. net.
De La Mare, W. Peacock Pie. A Book of Rhymes. Holt. $2 net.
Hodgson, R. Poems. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
Jameson, R. D. The Concert and Other Studies. Wisconsin Literary Magazine. 75 cents net.
Phoutrides, A. E. Lights at Dawn. Boston: The Stratford Co. $1.25 net.
Prentiss, C. E. Love and Laughter. Putnam.

SCIENCE

Hartley, C. G. Motherhood. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
Shawm, E. E. The Pocket Garden Library. Edited by L. Barron. 4 volumes. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net each.
Straus, L. G. Diseases in Milk. Dutton. $2.50 net.
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Summary of the News

FOOD and shipping are the two questions which have engrossed the attention of the country for the past week. The House finally passed the Lever bill, with the addition of a drastic prohibition clause, last Saturday, the vote being 365 to 5. The Senate, it is hoped, will approve the measure this week, although it is probable that the stringent prohibition clause inserted by the House will be modified.

ONE thing is certain: that definite action by Congress giving the President the necessary control over the food resources of the country will not have come a moment too soon. While the Allies have continued to observe their voluntary abstinence from purchasing wheat until the pending legislation should be passed, neutral countries have been under no such obligation. They have bought freely, with the result that the price of wheat has continued to advance. The resulting situation naturally alarmed the Allies and there was grave anxiety lest, in self-defence, they might feel compelled to start buying in competition one with another. The gravity of the situation may be measured by the fact that the President has thought it expedient to use the powers given him by the embargo clause in the Espionage act, announcement of the creation of an exports-embargo council having been made on Monday. What Mr. Wilson intends is apparently a modified form of embargo which will exercise a check on the export of foodstuffs by means of a system of licenses.

SHIPBUILDING plans are still the victim of unhappy controversy, and from that unfortunate situation it would seem that only the President himself can rescue them. To the squabble between Gen. Goethals and Mr. Denman over wooden ships has been added another bone of contention in the prices which the Government shall pay for steel. The latter controversy will doubtless be settled in time by the mediation of the Federal Trade Commission, and in the meanwhile the mere layman, at any rate, is unable to see valid objection to the letting of contracts with an open clause, as it is understood has been done in certain cases. Similarly to the lay intelligence it would seem that there must be available to the Government sufficient expert information to determine finally and promptly whether the wooden-ship scheme is practicable or not, and that uninformed opinion is rather reinforced by the news that work was actually begun on the first of the wooden ships last week in New York. At any rate, just as the American public became very impatient with Congressional delay in the matter of the Lever bill, so its patience has been sorely tried by this rumpus kicked up by Gen. Goethals and Mr. Denman.

FINAL figures of the Liberty Loan, issued on June 22, show that it was an even greater popular success than early estimates had indicated. The total subscription was $3,035,226,850, and to this sum more than four million individuals contributed, of whom 99 per cent. asked for allotments of from $50 to $10,000. All of these small subscribers will receive the full amount of their subscription. Allotments to larger subscribers will be awarded in proportions variously graded from 60 per cent. to 20.17 per cent. The limit of $2,000,000,000 will not be exceeded.

IN a letter addressed to Secretary Baker on June 22 President Wilson gave his entire support to the aviation programme recently outlined by Mr. Baker, which calls for an appropriation of $600,000,000.

"DRIVES" of various kinds are now of so frequent occurrence that there is danger of overdoing an apt simile. It is very well to speak of the Red Cross "drive," which came to an end on Tuesday with every indication that the $100,000,000 objective had been gained and passed; but the application of the word to the week's campaign for recruits for the regular army is hardly happy. American soldiers are led, not driven. However that may be, it is earnestly to be hoped that the 70,000 recruits for the regular army for whom Mr. Wilson has issued a call will be enlisted in the designated week, which commenced last Sunday.

MISSIONS from our various allies come so thick and fast that they find us breathless but cordial. The Italian Mission, headed by Prince Udine, happily recovered from his indisposition, paid a memorable visit to New York last week. In the same week the Russian and Belgian Missions were welcomed by the Government in Washington. In greeting the latter Mr. Wilson used words that find a country-wide echo in expressing "our solemn determination that on the inevitable day of victory Belgium shall be restored to the place she has so richly won." On Sunday T. P. O'Connor, always a welcome visitor to these shores, and Richard Hazelton reached New York as emissaries of the Irish Nationalist Parliamentary party. Sinn Fein, the dispatches give us to understand, contemplates a counter-demonstration, but in the same breath declares that the British Government will probably refuse passports to its delegates. Incidentally we note that the release of the Irish prisoners has been the signal for an outburst of rioting and disorders by the Sinn Feiners.

LOSSES by submarines and mines showed a considerable increase in the British list for the week ended June 17, twenty-seven vessels of more than 1,600 tons and five of less than that amount being reported sunk. Thirty-one ships were unsuccessfully attacked. Arrivals were 2,897; sailings, 2,993. The American tanker Archbold was sunk off the French coast on June 16, four of her crew being lost. An American vessel arriving at an Atlantic port last week gave details of an engagement with a submarine in which it is believed the latter was destroyed.

NEWS from Russia is characterized by the usual amount of confusion and contradiction, the dispatches from day to day often sounding more disquieting than the actual situation warrants. The truth seems to be that out of the mass of verbiage indulged in by innumerable bodies pretending to represent various elements in the country, but many of them actually representing nobody but themselves, some kind of order and settled government is gradually emerging. The handful of anarchists who have been defying heaven and earth and the Provisional Government from a general's house in Petrograd need not unduly disturb us when we see that Kerensky is able to forbid processions and threaten with condign punishment those who ignore his orders. Against one day's dispatches which contain gloomy speculations as to what has happened to Admiral Glennon in view of the mutiny of the fleet at Sebastopol, we must set the information of the day after that, though apparently there was a mutiny of some kind, it didn't in the least interfere with the friendly reception of the American Admiral or prevent everybody, mutineers included, from cheering vociferously when he spoke of the necessity of beating Germany. Finally, Mr. Root goes his appointed way, discreet and unperturbed, and has received a warm welcome at Moscow.

OF fighting on any fronts there is little to record. In the west the Germans last week occupied some French positions on the Aisne, but were speedily expelled, and the British activities have been confined to raiding operations. On the Italian front there has been some activity in the Trentino, but no results of importance appear to have been attained.

ANOTHER Cabinet crisis occurred last week in Austria, the Premier, Count Clam-Martinic, resigning on account of the refusal of the Polish party in Parliament to vote the war budget. At the request of the Emperor, Count Clam-Martinic endeavored to reconstruct his Ministry, but, failing to do so, made his resignation final. The personnel of a new and extremely mediocre Cabinet, which is admittedly of a provisional character, was made known on Monday. The Premier is Dr. von Seydler.

EVENTS in Greece appear to be progressing to their logical conclusion, the return of M. Venizelos to the Premiership. The arrival of M. Venizelos at the Piræus on Sunday was marked, according to the correspondent of the London *Times*, by the most fervent demonstrations of affection by the populace. On Monday the resignation of the Ministry of M. Zaimis was announced, and by the time this paragraph appears there seems to be little doubt that the nominal ruler of Greece will have invited his father's old enemy to form a Cabinet.

CONSTITUTIONAL changes which three years ago would have split England in twain are now engaging the attention of Parliament without causing a ripple of popular emotion. The final reading of the clause in the Electoral Reform bill dealing with the question of women's suffrage was passed by the House of Commons on June 19 by a majority of 330 votes, and on June 21 Earl Curzon announced in the House of Lords that the Government had decided to appoint a committee to deal with the question of the reform of that august body, and would proceed in the matter with the greatest promptitude. Of more immediate importance than any constitutional changes is the question of food control, which has been the cause recently of much dissatisfaction with the Government. Lord Rhondda, the new Food Controller, enters on his duties at a critical time.

THERE appears to have been a sensible improvement in the situation in China. Dispatches to the Chinese Embassy in Washington of June 20 stated that the two provinces of Yunnan and Kwantung, which had formed the backbone of the southern secessionist movement, had made overtures to the Government with a view to coöperating towards a peaceful settlement.

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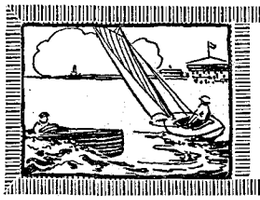

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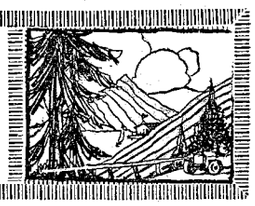

Resort News

Visitors are thronging to the Catskills, and there is every indication that there will be very little room in the popular hotels and houses on July 4. Plans are making everywhere for celebrations on the national holiday, and band concerts, fireworks, dancing, tennis, and golf are among the attractions underlined. The cottages are nearly all occupied by their owners. The new Grand Hotel, one of the largest in the Catskills, is open, and the Hotel Kaaterskill will open Saturday.

Summer days are glorious in the Berkshire Mountains, with the laurel and the rhododendron coming into bloom. Social gayety in this district is at a low ebb this season, for the work of preparedness occupies most of the time of the residents and visitors. Several of the villas have changed hands this year, and the chief pastime promises to be horseback riding.

The Lake George Country Club is open for the season, and there will be a Liberty golf tournament on July 4, the proceeds to go to the American Red Cross. Mme. Louise Homer is building a home on fifty acres of ground on the lake.

Bass fishing is in full force in the Pocono Mountains, and good catches are reported. The anglers are also having success at the Delaware Water Gap and at Stroudsburg. Trout are also rising well, and fishing just now has the call over tennis, golf, etc.

Many more New Yorkers than usual will be found in the White Mountains this year, both in the cottages and in the hotels. New and old comers are among them, and plans are being made for a busy season, which will start earlier than usual.

Motor-boating will, as usual, play a prominent part in the amusements in the Thousand Islands. The large hotels are already open, and many of the houses have changed hands by purchase.

Although the water in some of the large streams in Sullivan County is a little too high for trout, the fishing in the smaller brooks is better than ever, while pickerel are taking the bait well. Fishermen make up a majority of the visitors this month.

Conventions are still in order at Atlantic City, but the number of bathers is increasing as the water gets warmer. The hotels are well filled, and by the end of the week the season will be on.

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